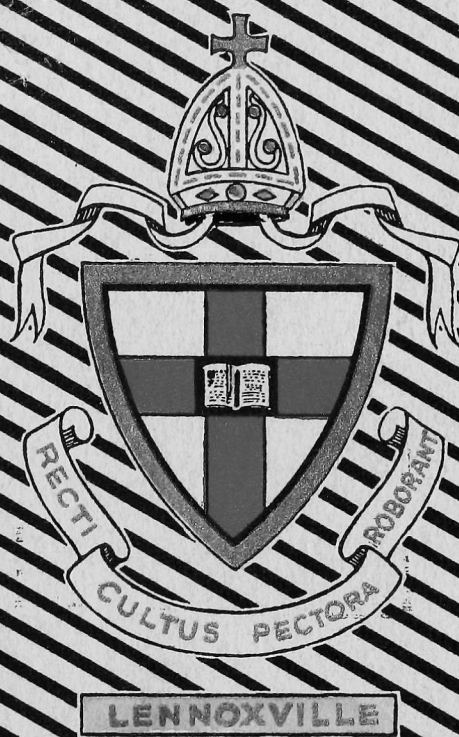


B.E.S.



Midsummer

1926

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ESTABLISHED 1889



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Bishop's College School

Lennoxville, Que.



Headmaster

S. P. SMITH, M. A., Oxon



Headmaster, Preparatory School

A. WILKINSON, ESQ.



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THE HEADMASTER



Secretary-Treasurer, LEWIS BRIMACOMBE, ESQ.
180 St. James Street, Montreal.

School Officers, 1925



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Hockey

L. BLINCO, Captain
W. MITCHELL, Secretary

Cricket

W. MITCHELL, Captain
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R. R. MACDOUGALL, Secretary

Magazine

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Literary Editors: A. BREAKEY, B. I. MCGREEVY
Business Managers: R. A. MONTGOMERY, G. E. AULD
Secretary: G. W. HALL
Sports Editors: W. MITCHELL, R. G. AITCHISON
Exchange Editor: R. R. MACDOUGALL
Form Staff: { VI R. A. MONTGOMERY V E. ROCKSBOROUGH-SMITH
 { IV P. B. CORISTINE, IIIA I. OGILVIE, IIIB D. ROSS

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Vice-President: A. BREAKEY
Secretaries: B. I. MCGREEVY, R. A. MONTGOMERY
Poet Laureate: R. B. JOHNSTON
Treasurer: R. G. AITCHISON
M.C.: J. L. G. CARSLEY

Dramatic Club

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Vice-Pres: R. R. MACDOUGALL, R. G. AITCHISON
Secretary: R. A. MONTGOMERY
Treasurers: W. MITCHELL, D. LUTHER
Stage Manager: G. E. AULD
Property Manager: H. G. GREIG

Cup Committee

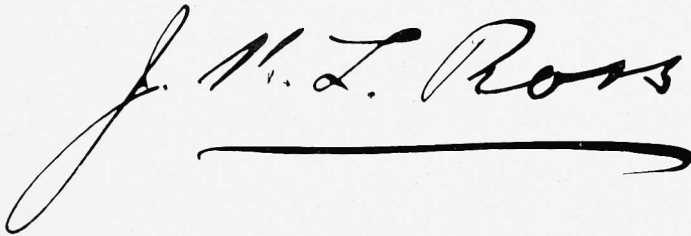
N. T. NEEL
R. N. TAYLOR

Picture Committee

N. T. NEEL
R. N. TAYLOR

Foreword

There are privileges that go with being a Bishop's College School boy and there are corresponding responsibilities. There is the responsibility while at School of doing the best that is in you at your studies and in your sports, so as to maintain the high traditions of the School; and there is the responsibility that follows you afterwards through life to carry on in such manner as to reflect credit on the school that raised you, and keep her name synonymous with integrity and good citizenship.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "J. H. L. Ross". The signature is written in black ink and is underlined with a long, horizontal, slightly wavy line.



COMMANDER J. K. L. ROSS

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Magazine Staff

Editor

R. L. YOUNG, Esq.

Literary Editors

A. BREAKEY

B. I. MCGREEVY

Sports Editors

R. G. AITCHISON

W. MITCHELL

Business Managers

R. A. MONTGOMERY

G. E. AULD

Secretary

G. W. HALL

Exchange Editor

R. R. MACDOUGALL

THE TRUE SPORTSMAN

*The real ones, the right ones, the straight ones and
the true,
The pukku, peerless sportsmen—their numbers are
but few;
The men who keep on playing though the sun be in
eclipse,
The men who go on losing with a laugh upon their
lips.*

*Not the "good sport" who burdens us with cheap and
futile chat
Of the "pedigree" of this one and the "outside chance"
of that,
But a man who loves good horses just to handle
them and ride
When the fences call to valour and the English grass
lies wide.*

*And all the truest sportsmen I have met have had
this gift:
A love of all the classic books that lighten
and uplift;
And all have loved red woodlands, swift birds and
coloured flowers;
And all have played with children and counted not
the hours.*

"Over the Grass."

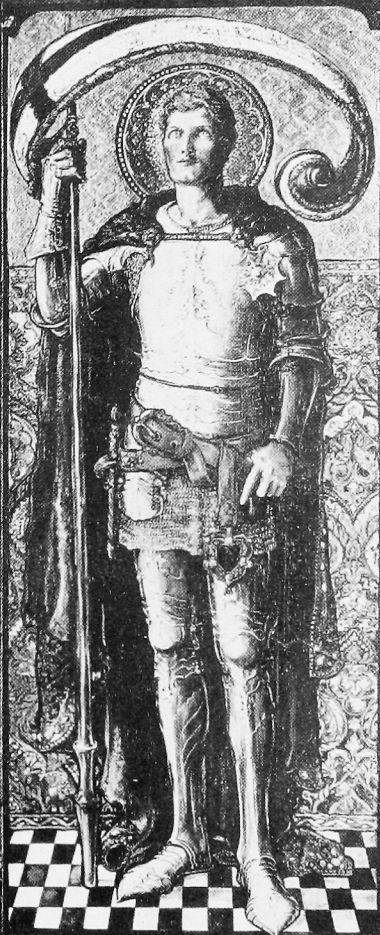
This tablet is placed
here in honour
of the boys of
Bishop's College
Preparatory School
who gave their lives
in the service of their
King and Country
A.D. 1914-1918

Fuller of faith than of
fears. Fuller of
resolution than of
patience. Fuller
of honour than of years

Hugh Allan
A Cecil Doucet
Eric Graham
Donald S Gwyn
Kenneth W Husband
E W Iremonger
Maurice E Jaques
J Hewitt Laird
Charles S Martin
Lennox Robertson
Allan Routledge
Harold A Scott
Edward A Whitehead
Gerald W Wilkinson



Recti cul-
lus pectora
roborant



Divus Georgius Christianorum militum puguator

Sons of Great Britain
forget it not there be
things such as Love
and Honour and the Soul
of man which cannot be
bought with a price and
which do not die with Death

Editorial

"I the heir of all ages, in the foremost files of time."

Soon we shall all be scattered over three or four continents; when we meet again "New Kids" will be "Old Boys", while the present members of the Sixth will be "Old Boys" in reality, with the exception of those who are returning for First Year College work. Meanwhile there is the usual end-of-term rush and excitement: Cadet Corps, Cricket, Swimming, Magazine, Break-up Concert, Exams., Closing.

A great variety of things to do and little time to do them; but we console ourselves with the soothing reflection: we have all the time there is.

An increasing number of Old Boys, year by year, are getting in touch with the School through the Magazine; that is as it should be; this is, in more senses than one, an Old Boys' School; that wonderful virtue Loyalty, is constantly displayed towards it. We need only mention now the recent subscribing to the New Rink. This trust in its usefulness has not been misplaced. From the first week until the last day of the Easter Term the ice was in constant use; the School hours being arranged so that the Preparatory School could use it while the Upper was in School. In this way it was only idle for the flooding. Being close to the school, boys could drop in at any time. The results of all this will be more apparent year by year. We cannot refrain from saying: "Hats off to the Headmaster" for his constant and untiring efforts with regard to the Rink. We, personally, extol it as being as near an architectural work of art as a rink can well be per se and not merely in comparison with the unsightly monstrosities to be seen everywhere. To us it is an innovation, a revelation of what a rink could be. We are aware—we shall get into trouble for all this—that the Headmaster has been asked for the plans and blue prints for another important rink, in contemplation of being erected.

In the early part of the Term the chief interest centred around boxing; there was probably a record number of entries. The Competition was admirably conducted, the standard of boxing high, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed throughout.

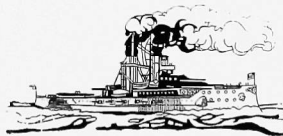
"Hard Luck" has dogged our programme of games this year; a slight epidemic of "Flu" interfering with our efficiency in Hockey, while a mild epidemic of German measles has 'scotched' our Cricket. Neither was, in any sense, serious, but our games have suffered in consequence; the same will be apparent in the Cadet Corps, so that the brilliant showing of the past few years will not be evident. As regards Cricket, more interest was taken in it this year than for many years, and the prospects were bright for a brilliant season. As we go to press we hear subdued shouts for the victory over Lower Canada College.

On the other hand, we have high hopes for brilliant results in Exams. from the Sixth Form. They gave a brilliant display, as the Fifth Form last year, in McGill Exams; the results appeared in our last issue, and we hope to catalogue a long list of successes in our next issue. The majority are leaving this term so we may admit that the present is the most brilliant Sixth we remember at B.C.S.

Out of school activities, in spite of forebodings to the contrary, go on steadily increasing in enthusiasm. "Maidens" continue to get a rousing reception in the Debating Society. The Dramatic Club delighted a distinguished audience with a performance of "His Uncle's Niece", while the Orchestra has immeasurably improved in *tone* under capable guidance, quality being sought after rather than *noise*.

A timid "Maiden" has put in its appearance in the shape of the "Modern Language Society", which meets twice a week after Preparation for the Study of Spanish and German. It is felt by some that a "Literary Society" is also needed, and, if approved of, should bestarted next term. Once a week, for an hour or so, a play of Shakespeare could be discussed or the poetry of some other immortal poet, or a French classic. As regards the latter the University School Curriculum is hopelessly inadequate. If, instead of one of the two books of trite pseudo-classic, little tales, one real French Classic were substituted, boys would not be so apt to have an erroneous impression of "La Belle Langue" on reaching the University. Their tastes might at a more impressionable age be developed to enable them to appreciate and love real literature, by which standard they would learn to value, at its true worth, some of the mental pabulum served up today iniquitously called literature.

All that is read sinks into the mind and tinges one's thoughts, just as the leaves falling from many trees form a rich soil for the growing of other plants, beautiful or otherwise.



I READ A BOOK . . .

I read a book . . . and in the reading,
I sat at an Enchanted Feast,
Anon there came to memory, stealing,
The tale of "Beauty and the Beast."

A secret, subtle sweetness hovered,
As of forbidden fruit, around
Begelling vague, unspoken longings,
By luring light and magic sound.

And as I sat enchanted, dreaming
While shaded lamps were glittering near,
Soft music's rare voluptuous pleading
Came trembling gently on the ear.

The air with odours now was heavy;
The senses gradually enthralled
By potent charms; my will was slackening,
Ecstatic chords of Pleasure called.

And manhood's resolution dwindling
Dissolved in evil languor till
The clear dawn's first, fresh breath of nature
Awaked my Lethe—sunken will.

The morning came. Clear through the window
Day roused me from my heavy sleep.
A poisoned banquet I had tasted!
A poisoned harvest I should reap!

I closed the book's short-lived enchantment
But felt disgust's abiding part.
The "heir of all the ages" wonders . . .
While modern blandness hails it . . . Art.

R. L.

A B.C.S OLD BOY

(Taken from "Royal Crown" Reader)

In 1882, a party hostile to Britain was led by a general called Arabi Pasha, while the Khedive, the ruler of Egypt, remained friendly. A rebellion took place, not so much against the Khedive as against Britain, and British troops had to be sent out to restore the power of the Khedive. The decisive battle was fought at Tel-el-Kebir, where the rebels had a very strongly-fortified camp. The British Army made a swift night march over the desert, with the stars for their only guiding-marks, and almost reached the Egyptian camp before they were seen. The Camp was stormed and carried at the point of the bayonet, and in a quarter of an hour the battle was over and the rebellion at an end.

In the Portsmouth Garrison Church there is a beautiful tablet with this inscription:—

"Sacred to the memory of Wyatt Rawson, Commander Royal Navy,
He fell while acting as guide to the Second Division, at the
battle of Tel-el-Kebir, 13th September 1882. Aged 29."

This young hero's death has been beautifully commemorated in the following little poem:—

"AT TEL-EL-KEBIR"

Over the desert at midnight, with a rapid, silent stride,
Were marching the British soldiers and their gallant sailor guide,
God help them all if he failed to find his way in the gloom aright,
For his comrades lives and his country's fame were placed in his hands that night.

Never a faltering moment unsteadied the ranks he led;
Forward they pressed on their silent way, with the sailor at their head;
On while the gloom and the darkness screened them from watchful foes,
Till the goal they sought was safely gained as the sudden morning rose.

Quick the alarm was sounded, quick was the onslaught made,
Sharp was the fight; but the foe fell back from the British fire and blade.
Many a heart that late beat high was stilled in that hour for aye
And among the first of the British men fell the man who had led the way.

Sadly they bore him back to die, and the kindly general came,
Bent o'er his friend with grateful thanks, pity and promised fame;
Never a word said the dying man of his pain or his hapless fate,
But the eager words came: "General, didn't I guide you straight?."

"It was a star, you know, a star, a star!" and he backward fell;
His young life closed with the service done and a trust fulfilled so well,
And as long as an English voice shall speak of the Tel-el-Kebir fight,
Will be heard the brave young sailor's name who guided them straight that night.

Nor say that his work was ended with the deed that led to death;
It may be a nobler mission was wrought with his dying breath,
For shall not the words he uttered like a living watchword thrill
To the hearts of men enlisted in a higher service still?

On through the unknown country, while the goal yet lies afar,
Led through the gloom and darkness by the light of a guiding star;
God keep us following where it leads till the doubtful path grows straight.
And the march shall end and the conflict cease where it shines on Heaven's gate.



School Notes

The following names have been added to the list of subscribers to the new rink.

W. A. Murray, Esq.

F. A. Markey, Esq.

Mrs. Routledge

Jack Scott

Allan Dale.

Some of our Directors have been busy sight-seeing. Mr. Grant Hall returned in April from a trip to South America; and Mr. Hartland MacDougall and Colonel Molson arrived back in Montreal in May after a three months' tour of Europe and the Mediterranean. Mr. Gordon MacDougall has more recently returned from England, where he has been conducting a case before the Privy Council.

Mrs. J. P. Black has very generously presented a cup as the prize for the Open Tennis Tournament (singles), and promises a prize for some subject in the school curriculum.

We are very grateful to Mrs. Hugh Mackay for the gift of a handsome picture, representing a deed of great heroism.

Robert MacDougall (1887-93) has presented to the School the F. E. Meredith bat, which he won in 1893, on the blade of which he has had mounted a silver shield on which each year the name of the winner of the Meredith bat will be engraved, along with his average. We are very grateful for the means thus afforded us of prominently and permanently recording each year the name of the boy who has the highest average.

CONFIRMATION

On Wednesday, April 14th, the Lord Bishop of Quebec paid a visit to the school, accompanied by Mrs. Williams and the Archdeacon of St. Francis. The visitors went over the school premises and saw the new rink. In the evening His Lordship held a Confirmation in the Chapel when the following candidates were presented:—P. W. Blaylock, E. S. Coristine, H. I. Kennedy, H. M. Howell, J. F. Meakins, D. C. Markey, J. L. Rankin, G. D. Roberts, E. S. Weaver. The service was impressive. The Bishop appealed to the Confirmees that they should, in their life that was opening out for them, refer all their difficulties to Him whose service they had entered. "In that way", said he, "You will learn more and more how to quit yourselves like men, and be strong." After the sermon the hymn "Veni Creator" was sung kneeling; a short time was given for private prayer; then each boy was confirmed through the laying-on of the Bishop's hands. The Rev. R. W. Wright acted as chaplain to the Bishop.

Before leaving Lennoxville His Lordship asked the Headmaster to grant the boys a half-holiday, which was given.

"Dank" Smith and "Pinkie" McMaster visited the school towards the end of the term, driving out from Montreal. Smith is giving an Oratory Medal again this year and has also promised a boxing prize. McMaster is giving a cup for the 100 yards.

The Magazine thanks Mrs. Greenshields MacKay for her valuable assistance.

We are very grateful to W. A. Boswell, 1872-1876, London, England, for a roll call book of 1875. There are many interesting signatures in it and we hope to comment further on it in our next issue. In a very interesting letter he recalls—inter alia—the then Rector C. H. Badgley, Esq., and his "Piccadilly Weepers", and a very common incident: "Boswell and Williams (now Bishop of Quebec) talking again—100 lines each." Another reminiscence is a propos of a master ergo we refrain from quoting it—Noblesse oblige! He sent us also a book containing the By-Laws of B.C.S. Old Boys Association.

The school extends a real hearty welcome to Mr. Eccles and appreciates thoroughly his untiring activity throughout the term. Mr. Eccles before coming to Canada, played for the Royton First team in the Central Lancashire League. He was for ten years the opening batsman for his team and won the batting average seven times. Besides playing for Royton he played for Podmorden in the Lancashire League. On coming to Canada he began playing for C.P.R. Angus, which team he captained for two years. Last year he transferred to the C.P.R. Recreation team. He has been top batsman for his team every year and in 1923 he won the Montreal and District batting average, with a batting average of 36 runs per innings. In the same year he also was runner up in the Bowling averages with 43 wickets per 215 runs. Last year he again won the batting average with 32 runs per innings. Thanks are due to him for his wonderful entertainment at the Break-Up Concert.

We print the following to "the address of" those who contributed stories to our last issue:—(From the High School of Quebec Annual):—

"B.C.S. Magazine"—Bishops' College School, Lennoxville, Que.

"The issue which we have received is one of our most valued exchanges, especially from a fiction point of view. We would like to extend congratulations to the authors of the stories."

REQUEST

Please excuse errors and omissions in this issue. There was no time for careful reading of proof-sheets. It is due to the Printers working at top pressure overtime that we are able to get this issue out in time.

LAKE PICTURES

I

A blazing sun glares down with burning ray;
No breath of wind disturbs the deathly calm
 Upon the lake.
It sighs and wishes for the close of day,
The cooling touch of evening's soothing balm;
 Its waters bake.

II

Small, fleecy clouds go scudding overhead;
A laughing wind has chased them from the west.
 It calls the lake;
And all the gleeful waves dance from their bed,
And lightly skip along at its behest,
 Foam in their wake.

III

A sighing wind predicts the coming storm;
The sullen growl of thunder terrifies
 The rippled lake;
With frantic haste great white-capped waves take form
And flee before the uproar that the skies.
 High-angered make.

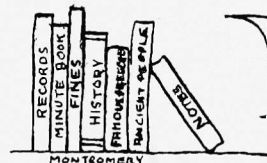
IV

Proud winter's heralds—snow and icy blast—
Sweep down and firmly close a crystal door
 Upon the lake.
The waters, wearied by the summer past,
Lie still and dream until the spring once more
 Bids them awake.

R. M.



DEBATING SOCIETY



RESULTS OF SESSION 1925-26

B. C. S. D. S.

Meetings
attended

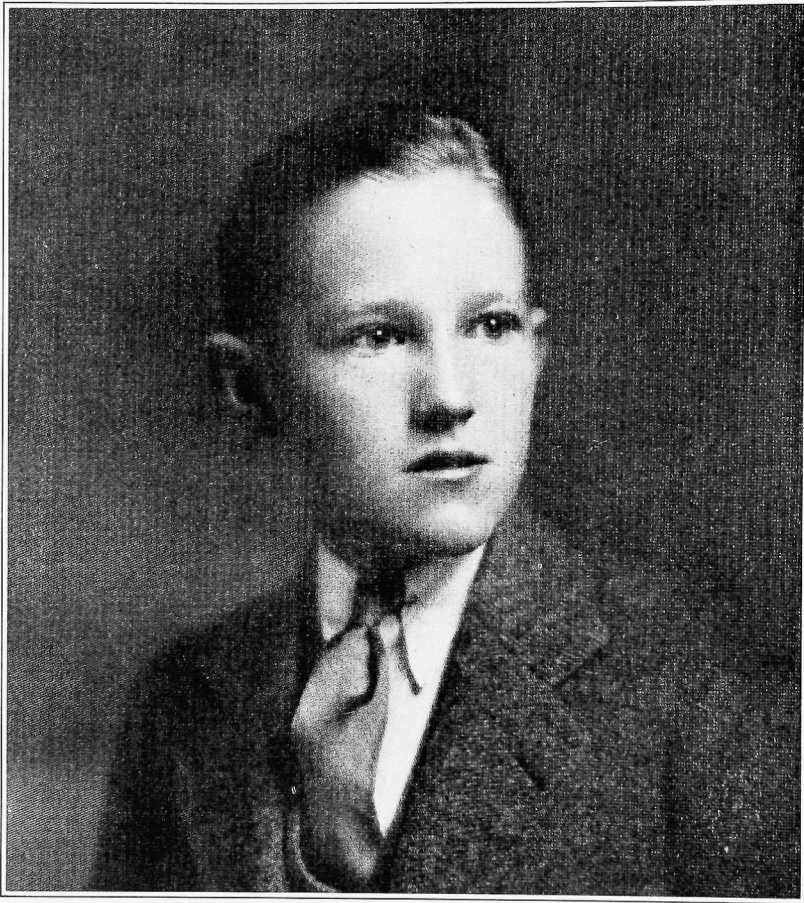
Marks

9	Breakey I.....	886	Second bar to Grant Hall Medal.
9	McGreevy.....	725	Grant Hall Medal.
8	Montgomery.....	704	L. M. Smith Medal.
8	Hall I.....	600	President's Medal.
8	Aitchison.....	577	
9	Carsley.....	559	
8	Dobell.....	525	
6	Rankin I.....	515	
7	Short.....	482	
7	Boulton.....	471	

A meeting of the B.C.S.D.S. was held in the Senior Library on Saturday, January 30th, Mr. Young in the Chair. The subject for debate was that in the opinion of this Society "*Science has done more harm to the world than good.*"

McGreevy opened for the Affirmative. He dwelt on the horror of modern warfare with its huge guns, aeroplanes and poisonous gas. "Automobiles and trains" he said, "exact a large toll of human lives annually as a result of accidents." He argued that people in this scientific age are losing their simplicity without becoming cultured.

Montgomery, opening for the Negative, considered that there was no benefit obtained by having a hard time. Nowadays, people travel and live in comfort. The scenery in the country is not, he thought, ruined by trains and telegraph poles, for there are plenty of places where neither exist. Art and literature have steadily improved throughout the ages, he maintained. The opportunities that Science opens for World Peace, to his mind, blot out the murderous weapons that it has introduced. He referred to the Alaskan diphtheria epidemics as a typical example of the uses of the telegraph. "Medical science", he continued, "has made great advances." In conclusion, he mentioned several scientific amusements.



A. BREAKY
First Orator for three consecutive years

Dobell, from the Affirmative, did not share in Montgomery's praise of moving pictures and preferred plays to them. He described the rush and tear of the modern business man's life, and the decline of interest in art. He asserted that men were just as well off without the many inventions of today.

Drury I, the next speaker for the Negative, spoke briefly. "Science", he said, "has done much good for the world; its benefits are seen in every department of modern life."

Boullon spoke next for the Affirmative. He believed that Science did not necessarily lead to prosperity and deplored the use of so many modern inventions risking human life. He claimed that men were as healthy in olden days as now.

Hall I, continuing for the Negative, queried which one would rather be, a writer or a Marconi. Most people, he expected, would choose to be a Marconi. Judging by Charles Lamb's picture of school food, that also has improved. Modern homes are, he declared,

much more comfortable and sanitary than formerly, hence diseases are more easily overcome. Fire-reels and telephones both help to prevent disastrous fires. Superstition, he declared, has been stamped out by various revelations of scientists. The railways, he asserted, are valuable to transport grain and so help the farmers. Aeroplanes also are convenient for rapid delivery of goods.

Rankin I, for the Affirmative, envied the care free life of prehistoric man, and argued that boots and shoes—a modern invention—closed up an outlet of the body's poison. "The life of a scientist is usually an unhealthy one" he asserted.

Carsley, Negative, began by stating that our chapel was built by Science. Nature, he continued, may be viewed quite as well from a car as by walking. He considered that horse-hair mattresses are quite as comfortable as feather beds, and that a bullet wound is not so objectionable as a sword thrust. He then gave a long list of modern inventions and concluded by declaring that cigarettes are a luxury.

Coristine I, in an excellent maiden for the Negative, stated that modern warfare will exterminate itself and in so doing, all the dangerous weapons will be abolished. He dwelt on the great improvements that have taken place in factories, medical science and amusements. "Electric lights are," he said, "a great convenience." In replying to a former speaker's argument, he declared that the U.S.A. did not owe its wealth to its science, but to the fact that it remained neutral throughout the greater part of the war.

Breakey, next for the Negative, was convinced that the amount of harm done by inventions is negligible. 'Man', he said, "without scientific improvement is a primitive man." He considered that art is flourishing now even more than formerly. He emphasized the brutal cruelty of primitive warfare which was much worse than modern. As far as train accidents are concerned, he declared that they are a minor disadvantage compared with the usefulness of trains. To the vast advance in medical science he especially drew attention. He concluded that the life of a scientist is a noble one; since he devotes it to bettering the world.

Cleghorn, for the Negative, drew comparisons between modern inventions and their mediaeval forerunners, in each case displaying the superiority of the former. He laid stress on the value of steel structures and modern sanitary conditions.

Neill II, the last speaker for the Negative, told of the great progress made in astronomy during the last century. "Weather reports," he stated, "are very useful to the public" In concluding, he spoke concisely on the advantages of modern comfort.

Twelve members having spoken, the motion was put to the House, and the Chairman declared it carried. Hall I called for a division. The House divided and a count showed the motion to be defeated by 7 to 5.



A meeting of the B.C.S.D.S. was held in the Senior Library on Saturday, March 6th, the President, Mr. Young in the chair. It being "*Hat Night*", each speaker drew a subject in turn and spoke upon it.

Cleghorn, "Defence of Bachelors," declared that a rich man was better unmarried; nine times out of ten, his wife married him for money, and unhappiness followed. "I am not a bachelor" he continued (uproarious laughter); having corrected himself, he pointed out that all the members present were unmarried, surely that was a substantial recommendation for bachelordom.

Boullton "Morning walk vs. drill." His argument was distinctly in favor of a walk, which he declared did not seem so much like punishment. He spoke at length on the beauties of Nature that feature the "walk" as opposed to the dull hopping and running of drill.

Sangster, "Prohibition", unrestrainedly condemned prohibition as it exists in the States. He asserted that people are more inclined to drink when forbidden by law to do so, than they would ordinarily. The rum fleet, he considered, did great harm to fisher folk and trade.

Carlsey "Cricket vs. Baseball", "Of these two foolish sports" he said, "my choice is baseball". He described the speed and excitement of his choice and its great interest to spectators, deciding that cricket should be left to the English. In his opinion there is no time to "sit down and play cricket" in this "dashing country." "There is something mathematical about baseball", he concluded.

Johnston I—"If I were king"—said that if he had power and wealth, he would travel all over the world's high seas in a private ship and explore every country.

McGreery—"Senior Matriculation", voiced the opinion that if senior matriculation were to prove successful, certain privileges would have to be granted, since a boy looks for a certain amount of liberty after so many years of school. He decided that senior matriculation is a fine thing for boys of less than average school-leaving age, but thought that the average boy should go direct to college for the sake of the standing friendships.

Aitchison—"Day school vs. Boarding school," In defending his choice (Boarding school), he spoke of the life-long friendships made, and the associations with boys of a more congenial class than those found in a day school. He pointed out that there are no outside attractions to distract a boy's mind at boarding schools—which are usually situated in the country—a great advantage. "Boarding-school boys", he said, "continually look forward to going home, whereas with day-school boys there is a tendency to desire to get away from home."

Baker—"Drill vs. Lines," preferred drill, because, as he said, a morning walk is exhilarating and does one quite a bit of good. He added, however, that masters should be ashamed of themselves for "soaking" so much drill. Lines he denounced as extremely bad for one's writing.

Rankin I—"Town life vs. Country life," arguing first for town life, described the conveniences and better housing of the cities and showed how competition between merchants makes the cost of living cheaper there, whereas in the country, the small-town

grocery has the country folk at its mercy. In naming the country's advantages, he spoke of the fresh air and exercise, the cheap and fresh vegetables, butter and eggs.

Breaky,—"Capital Punishment vs. Life Imprisonment," The speaker chose to defend capital punishment, looking at the question from two sides—that of the prisoner and the side of the law-abiding citizen. He decided that a condemned man would rather pay for his folly by capital punishment than face the long dreary years of imprisonment with its bad food and hard labour. Looking at it from the law-abiding citizen's side, he departed from his usual ultra serious vein, and declared that capital punishment furnishes him with excellent entertainment, saying that he can take his lunch with him to prison and make a day of it. He then drew a comparison from boarding-school life., explaining that anyone would prefer a caning, lasting but a few moments, to a long ,dragged-out gating.

Drury I—"Should duelling be revived," chose to defend the practice of duelling. He considered that a great deal of injustice is done through the law courts which could be avoided if duelling were permitted. He admitted that to allow duelling would be to give bullies rather a free hand and for this reason it might be undesirable. He concluded by declaring that it was an excellent way for rival suitors to settle their feuds.

Thirteen members having spoken, the chairman made a few remarks, and the House proceeded to private business.



A meeting of the B.C.S.D.S. was held on May 15th, in the senior Library, Mr. Young in the chair, the subject for debate being: "*This Society is of the opinion that a general strike, in any country, is unjustifiable.*"

Short, the opener for the Affirmative, did not see why all the unions of a country should proclaim a sympathetic strike for one discontented union. He declared that brilliant oratory was one of the causes of the late strike and went on to deplore the fact that foreign countries should forbid the export of coal. He spoke of the numerous strikers out of work and asked what satisfaction they had obtained.

Carsley, opening for the negative, stated that the British general strike was very good for the country. He considered that it had brought half a century of grievances to a head and in so doing had cleared away any possibility of further strikes for many years to come. The coal strikes, the root of all the trouble, were quite justifiable, he continued, for living conditions in the mining country were disgraceful, and the miners were heavily taxed. Trade unions, he asserted, were very useful organizations, for they took care of the workman's interests.

Coristine I, taking up the argument for the affirmative, told of the damage done to a country by a general strike and shewed that even the labour unions themselves are bankrupt as a result. Referring to the part Communists played in the last strike, he mentioned the money they raised and sent in sympathy.

Montgomery, for the affirmative, gave details about the financial loss suffered by the country, and to his mind this alone should suffice to prevent strikes. He enumerated the various expenses entailed and the great losses to business and trade. He was of the opinion that the strikers were somewhat ashamed of their actions, and were only too pleased to return to work. "England is a very steady and sure moving country, therefore, there can be no doubt that the strike was fostered by foreign Communists," he concluded.

Dobell, continuing for the Negative, contended that the miners wages were very small, however, the men did not strike for higher wages but against longer hours. The miner, when he strikes, feels that he is using his only power to attract the public's notice to his grievance.

Baker, Affirmative, mentioned that Communists were arrested during the last strike, deciding that they were at the bottom of all the trouble. Correcting Carsley (who said that the miners were taxed too highly) he pointed out that if they get such low pay their taxes must also be low or negligible.

Gillespie, in a very good maiden, defended the negative. He considered that the miners were quite justified in striking, for they had poor pay, bad living conditions and were heavily taxed into the bargain. "The other unions struck in sympathy and therefore the strike must have been justifiable," he concluded.

McGreery, Affirmative, also saw no reason for a strike and branded it as pure Communism. He termed it selfish of one union to ask the co-operation of the others. "The English" he said, "are too easy going with radicals". He explained that many of the leaders of the recent strike had personal grudges against members of the government and used this means of getting back at them.

Drury I, for the Negative, stated that all strikers have a reason and usually a good one. The Trade Union's Congress protects each individual union from being maltreated. "It is hard for us," he continued, "to realize what poverty it is." The miners and other strikers are willing to work if only they could get better pay.

Ailchison, Affirmative, pointed out that unions at first were a very good thing for the working man as they got them together, but deplored the fact that they should all see fit to strike at once because of the crushing effect on the country. Continuing, he reasoned that the "red" demonstrations during the recent strike shewed that the Communists were behind it. He expressed the opinion that if labour had won, a revolution would have resulted in England and the Empire would have been broken irretrievably. "How can the miners hope for higher wages, if the owners themselves are making nothing?" he asked.

Breakey I, spoke for the Negative. He said that it was difficult for us over here to see the miner's point of view. "England", he went on, "was greatly impoverished by the war and this war poverty re-acts on the whole country. There have always been periods of unrest" he stated, "following wars and this was at least an almost riotless strike". He maintained that the British workman is too patriotic to be influenced by foreign Communists, as is illustrated by the fact that no attempt was made to overthrow the government. The miners, he asserted, were very nearly satisfied by the Royal Commis-

sion and they only asked for moderate wages. "A general strike," he concluded, "is the only way for one union to forcibly impress the country.

Neill II, for the Affirmative, pointed out that although the miners had low wages (the cause of their discontent), the owners had a hard time to make both ends meet. He spoke of the general paralysis of activity in a country during a general strike, shewing how this condition leaves a country open to foreign attack.

Hall I, the next speaker for the Negative, asked: "If one saw a person being killed would one not rush to his help, then why should not all the Trade Unions help one union which is in distress". The miners "", he affirmed, "had something to strike for, they were too heavily taxed, and had been squalidly brought up. He stated that a general strike was quite essential in that case."

Johnston I, Affirmative, was of the opinion that the miners in the recent strike had no reason to complain about their wages and, moreover, saw no reason why, since it was a dispute between miners and owners, the other Unions should have joined. He told of the propaganda spread by the "reds" and of its effects and condemned the short term of imprisonment given to convicted communists.

Rankin I, speaking for the negative, argued that the miners must have bread, and with lower wages than at present prevailing it would be very difficult to support a family. He asserted that they merely struck to retain what was their's by right not to secure an increase in pay. "It would be the same", he said, "if somebody tried to confiscate our weekly quarters, needless to say, we would dispute his right to do so." He pointed out "That the fact that the other Unions had not returned to work while the miners still remained out showed that there was something wrong."

Fifteen members having spoken, the motion was put to the house and the Chairman declared it lost. Gillespie called for a division, then the ayes and the noes proceeded to the right and left of the Chair. A count showed the motion to be carried by eleven votes to four.



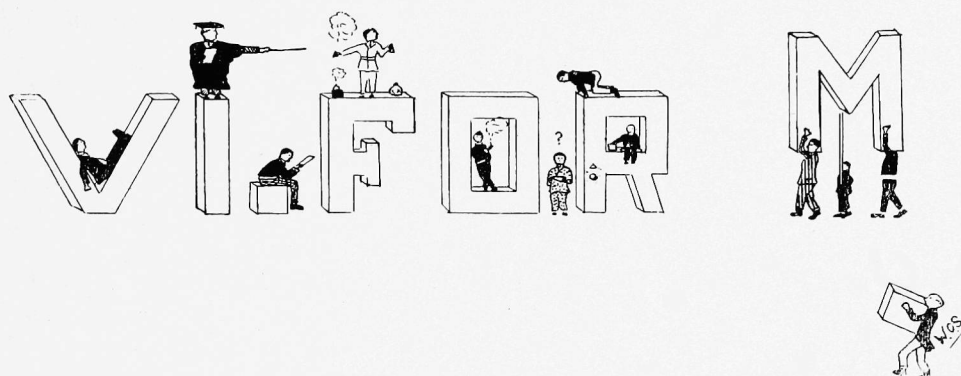
FINALE

The Sun on never an Earth more fair than this did shine,
 With wooded mounts, snow-peak'd.
Dark canyons, deep and wide engulfing raging torrents,
 The ever-shifting sands of deserts broad
Reflecting every shade and hue of colour,
 And by the blessed warmth she gave
The world was great with Life,
 With things that swam, or crept or flew,
Both great and small. With here and there
 The Works of Man.

The Sun's warmth waned, Her smile began to pale,
 The Earth grew cold and Life began to quail
As from each Pole, both North and South
 Two glittering sheets of cold, grey ice
With force relentless came, uncheck'd by works of Man,
 Nor mountain range, nor heaving swell
A barrier formed
 The walls of creeping Death advancing.

And now Eternal Night the dying World enshroud'd,
 The freezing sphere, roll'd round in its diurnal course
No respite knew, and Life had but to wait.
 The Polar caps white hummock'd, touch'd
And every sea stood still,
 No beast was there that moved, no bird that sang
No craft of Man prevailed,
 And all that mighty pulse lay still.

R. B. JOHNSTON.



Aitchison. Aitchie, the high light of New Rochelle, took the night train from New York on September the fourteenth, 1922, en route to Lennoxville. He spent his first year in IIIB and with diligent work managed to escape IIIA and go into the Fourth. The new year of 1925 brought Aitchie back to school with bells on, and a saxophone. He was immediately introduced to the school orchestra, where he has played for two years now. He was received into the Sixth with the title of "Sergeant of the B.C.S. Cadet Corps." Aitchie has helped the school a lot in filling the positions of Treasurer of the Debating Society, Vice-President of the Dramatic Society and Sports Editor of the Magazine. He is Head Boy in E dormitory. In 1924, owing to injuries to his leg, Aitchie was not able to play much football, but he made up for what one might call his lost year by making a very consistent right middle on our 1925 Senior team. In the hockey season of 1926 he made second team goal-keeper. Aitchie is trying hard for Williams and we all hope he will get there.

N.T.N.

Auld. First of all "George" is a Prefect. He has also been a member of the football team for the past two years, filling the responsible position of snap-back in faultless manner, and was Secretary last season. He is an active member of the Magazine staff, being Business Manager, is leader of the School orchestra and Stage Manager of the Dramatic Club. In the Cadet Corps he is second in command, having been a sergeant in 1924. George is matriculating this year and intends to go to Toronto University to take up Law.

W. M.

Baker. George, more commonly known as "Povey", came to the school two years ago from Yarmouth. This year he played outside for the senior football team, and was one of the hardest working fellows on it. Povey also played a good game for the second hockey team. Ever since his arrival he has been an ardent member of the Debating Society. We expect to see him back at the Old School next year taking the senior matriculation course.

R.R.M.

Balfour. "Tusk" came to the Prep. in the autumn of 1920, where he entered IIB and so excelled in his studies that he was able to skip "Old IIB" on entering the Upper in 1922. Here he has continued distinguishing himself in school work for four years. He has also taken an active interest in other phases of boarding school life and has been an ardent supporter of the Dramatic Club. In sports, he was especially keen in football and besides being a half-back on the second team was also sub. for first. This year he is a corporal in the Cadet Corps and is also a head boy in one of the dormitories. We all wish "Tusk" the best of success in McGill and his subsequent career. R. B. J.

Boulton—"Gin". During the early days of September 1924, there arrived from Quebec a charming sheik of wide reputation in the person of Arthur Maxwell Boulton. Upon entering the school, "Gin" joined the Fifth form and since then has excelled in his work, both in sports and in scholastic duties. He is a lance-corporal in the Cadet Corps and a member of the Dramatic and Debating Societies. In the former society, he proved his ability when chosen to take an important part in their play, which took place last Thanksgiving Day. Arthur also occupies a place in the school orchestra, playing a saxophone to perfection. He intends to study Science at McGill and we all wish him luck. R.N.T.

Breakey—The opening day of the fall term of 1922 is recorded and heavily underlined in the Chronicles of B.C.S. Why? . . . You ask why! Does the nickname "Andy" suggest anything to you? Ha! I knew it would. Andy was born in California—Altadena, California, to be more exact—many, many years ago. Entering the Debating Society in his second year, he argued the orators, including many deep-thinking, well versed Sixth Formers, out of the Grant Hall medal. Last year he again topped the list, and this year was unanimously voted Vice-President of the Society. During his knowledge-seeking sojourn here the Magazine has profited greatly by the efforts of his pen either in prose or verse, and this year he is a Literary Editor. During the football season last fall, though he was the lightest fellow on first crease, he was one of those picked to do battle with the Ashbury intermediates in Montreal. In the cadet Corps he is a lance-corporal. Oh yes! I almost forgot, besides all this he is President, Committee, Demonstrator, etc., of a Society for the prevention of the Charleston. His demonstrations are certainly convincing. Andy's plans for the future are vague as yet—and why not? R.A.M.

Hall. "George" came to the Prep. in September, 1916. He was only seven years old, but he has certainly developed both mentally and physically since then. He was on all the Prep teams and in his last year he was Head Prefect. George entered the Upper in 1922 and in 1925 he was sub. for second team hockey and was on second team football. That year he won the Martin cup for all-round improvement in gymnastics. He also won the Junior Tennis Championships that year. This year he was on second team football and second team hockey, of which he was captain. He is a hard-working member of the Debating and Dramatic Societies. He is also secretary of the school Magazine. George, who is a prefect this year, intends to return for the Senior Matriculation class next autumn. He is a sergeant in the Cadet Corps this year. D.L.

Johnston—"Jim" invaded the Old School nearly five years ago as a timid little IIIB new kid fresh from the thriving hamlet of Ottawa. Since then he has forged ahead both in classes and in size until at last he has attained the Sixth form and a reasonable bulk. In 1924 he was sub on the second football team; the next year a second team regular and sub for first team. At the same time he has taken much interest in the Debating society, and is this year Poet Laureate. He has wended his way quietly through the School and he is leaving—thus it goes; some fellows make a great impression while they are here, but are forgotten soon after they leave; while others do things quietly and are often remembered long after they are gone. Jim is taking Arts and expects to go into business in Berkeley, California, after he leaves here. The best of luck, Jim.

G.H.B.

Luther—"Doug" came to the Prep in January 1917, at an early age, and in that department of the school won the all-round championship twice, made every team and was a prefect. Since his coming to the Upper in 1922 he has had an enviable athletic record first team cricket, '23, '24, '25, Vice-Captain, '26; second team football, '25, first '26; sub for second team hockey, '24, second team, '25, first, '26. Doug also won the junior all-round championship and the Martin Cup for all-round improvement in gymnastics in '24. Besides his athletic achievements he is a dormitory lieutenant, Quarter-Master Sergeant in the Cadet Corps and Treasurer of the Dramatic Club. Doug intends to return next autumn for Senior Matriculation.

G.W.H.

MacDougall—One of the memorable days in the annals of B.C.S. was one hot September afternoon sometime during the past decade, when a small black haired boy entered the Prep as a new kid, for this new kid was no other than "Mac." Ever since that first afternoon Mac has taken a most prominent part in all school activities, and this year, his last, he has distinguished himself in many ways, not only in sports but as a prefect and as a lieutenant in the Cadet Corps. In football he capably filled the position of outside, wing and he also plays wicket keeper for the cricket team. Mac also took a great interest in the Dramatic Club; and in the annual Thanksgiving play acted the part of a bigamist to perfection. Mac intends to enter the R.M.C. next fall.

G.P.B.

McGreery—"Bernie", our school red head, came to us in the fall of 1919. After spending three years in the Prep, he came to the Upper. Here he became an ardent member of the Debating Society, of which he is now Secretary. He also joined the Dramatic Club and took the part of a "hick" gardener in the play at Thanksgiving. This year he was made a prefect and was a great help to our intermediate football team, on which he filled the position of centre half. On leaving the school Bernie expects to take Arts or Science at McGill. Good luck Bernie!

H.T.M.

Markey—"Henry" first darkened the school front door on September 15th, 1920. He spent two carefree years in the Prep. then, in September 1922, he put on long pants and entered the Upper. Since that date he has become noted for many things. Chief among them is probably his good nature, he is always ready to help anyone to the best of his ability. This year he is a head boy, a corporal in the Cadet Corps and he made second team football. After leaving school Henry intends to take an Arts course at

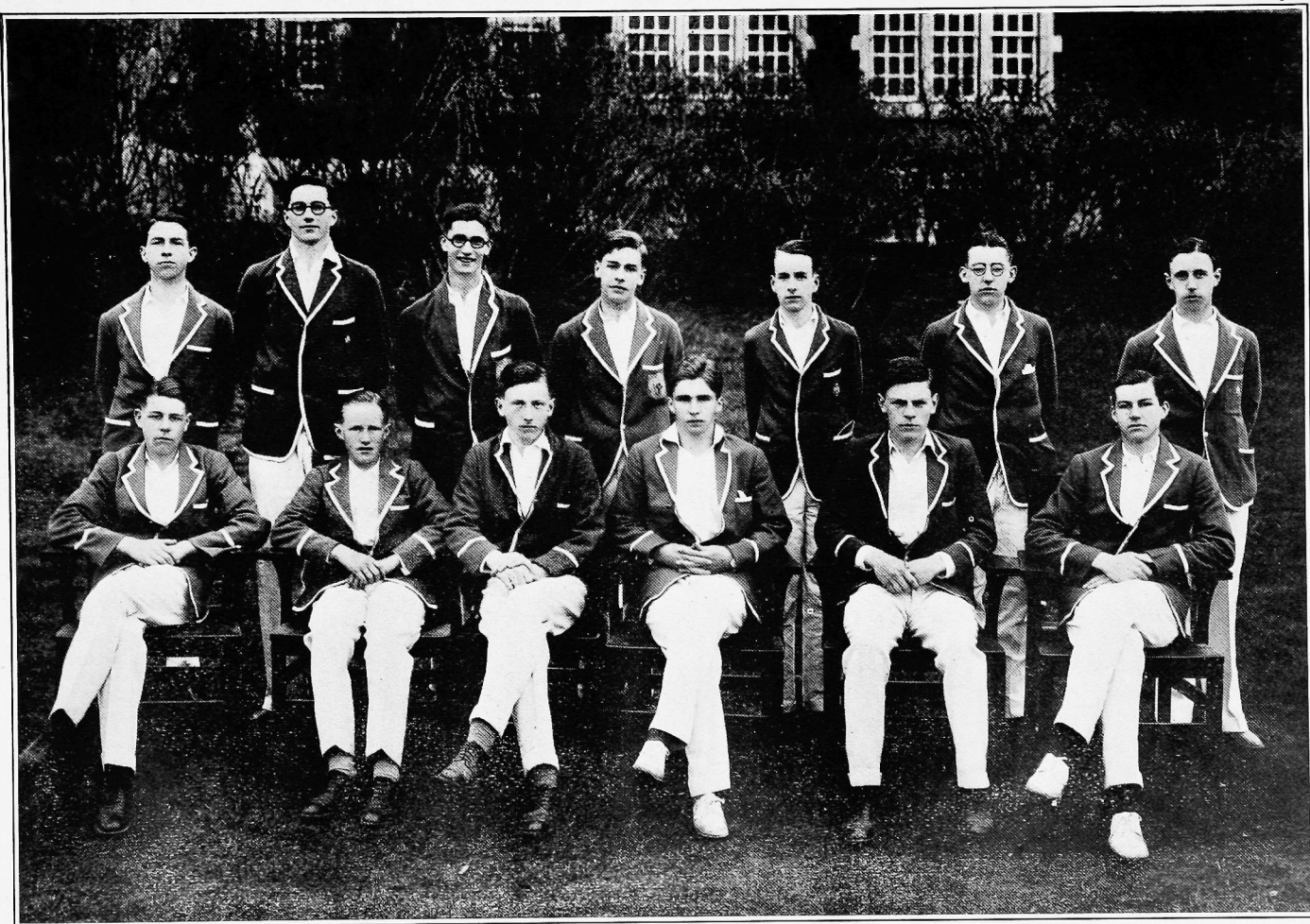
McGill. We feel sure that he will distinguish himself there. Here's hoping that he will have the best of luck, and will carry on the old traditions there as here. B.I.M.

Mitchell, commonly known as "Bill" joined our noble band in '23. He was, as was very shortly seen, the realization of one of our fondest hopes; an all-round athlete. Since that time he has more than fulfilled our expectations. He is head prefect this year, treasurer for the Dramatic Society and sports editor of the Magazine. In athletics he has made a name for himself which will probably stand for some time to come. In his first year he made first team football, the following year became secretary of same and this year was unanimously elected captain. In cricket he has also distinguished himself having been on the team for three years, secretary last year and captain this year. He was sub. for first team basketball last year and secretary this year. In hockey, this year, he very capably filled the goaling position and was also secretary. For two years he has won his weight in the boxing competition. He was also winner of the half mile last year and for two years in succession has won the senior gymnastic competition. He intends to enter the R.M.C. next fall. G.E.A.

Montgomery—"Monty" arrived at B.C.S. in 1922 to join the memorable IIIB of that year and unlike his contemporaries claims that his appearance created no great disturbance. Through diligent work he left IIIB for the Fourth form in 1923 and since then has managed to keep his name very near the top of each term's report. He has been representing his form as editor since his arrival and in addition has contributed many excellent poems. For the past two years he has not only been an officer of the Debating and Dramatic Societies but has also held a position on the Magazine staff, this year ably undertaking the business management of it. In football, this year, he subbed for first team, and in the Cadet Corps he holds the rank of Sergeant Major. Monty is taking his Matric in Arts and Science. He may be back next year for the Senior Matriculation class. A.B.

Neel—He who has not seen "Bombo" Neel in the time of the Stogies has seen nothing. Pour la gaieté, la vie, l'animation, never a fellow like him. Without any fooling on my part he is a most magnificent specimen of boyhood. Outside of la gaieté he is also quite a boy. He has made three first teams; basketball, hockey and cricket, and was also an important figure in football. He is also our head librarian and dishes out a mean book. He is a corporal in the cadet corps. I hope that more like him will come to make the school as wonderful for other people as he has made it for me. R.G.A.

Taylor—The thirtieth day of October 1908, was rendered immortal to the memory of man by the birth of Richard Taylor in the city of Montreal. At an early age he was possessed with a burning desire for learning and so in 1922 he came to the school on quest of knowledge and entered IIIA. This year Dick proved himself a valuable asset to the senior football team, winning the position of middle. At hockey Dick again showed up as a substitute for first team. In the Cadet Corps he officiates as lance corporal of the colour party. An example of his ability is that he alone comprises the Cup and Picture Committee. Dick is taking Commerce here and intends to go straight into business after having recuperated from school life during the summer holidays. Our best wishes for success in the financial world go with Dick. A.M.B.



VI FORM

R. B. Johnston
G. W. Hall

R. N. Taylor
A. Breakey

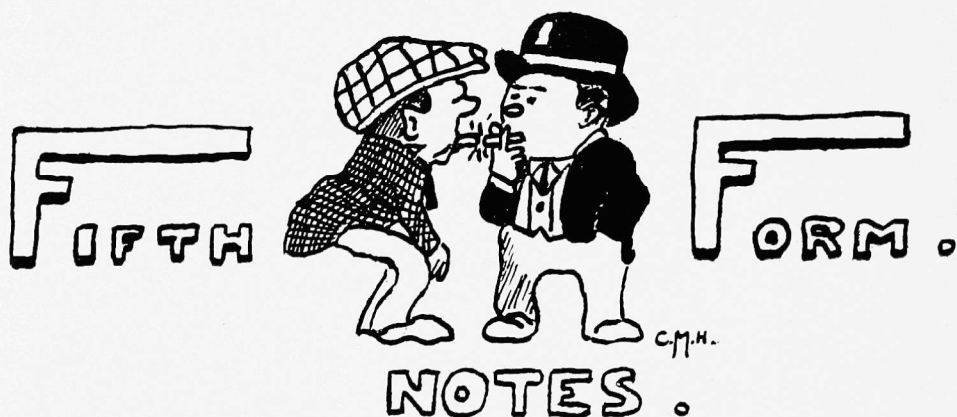
R. R. MacDougal
B. I. Mc Greevy

D. L. Luther
W. Mitchell

M. Boulton

R. A. Montgomery
G. E. Auld

G. Balfour
N. T. Neel



THE SWEET SIXTEEN

We have in our form just sixteen
 Of whom Jack Carsley will always be seen.
 Next we have our sea-scout Curzon Dobell
 And Grant who in games has done very well.
 There's Herbie Hall who sings like a cricket
 And Johnston II who can keep a good wicket.
 From Fredericton comes young Gordie Neill
 And the Capital produces Harry MacNeill.
 And from the ancient city, Hugh
 And Rocksborough-Smith who's one of few.
 Greig who comes from the Orient far
 And Short with his Hawaii guitar.
 Patton I from Pelham in the States
 With Rankin II whom no one hates
 And hailing from Westmount our sportsman Ranker
 We thus conclude with wee Murray and Sangster.

W.M.M. and H.L.H.

Registrar (making out birth certificate, and looking at the calendar)—“Let me see this is the 25th, isn't it?”

Mother (indignantly)—“No certainly not, it's the third, 2 boys and 1 daughter.”

Even your best friend wont tell you. After Friday's dinner use “Listerine.”

Ma's so cross-eyed that when she cries the tears run down her back. That's all right, the doctor's treating her for Bacteria.

The Christian Scientist discovered a small boy sitting under an apple tree looking very sad. “What's the matter my boy?” he said. “Iv'e eaten some green apples and I've got a terrible pain.” “No, no, you haven't” he said, “you only think you have”. The boy answered painfully “you may think so, but I've got inside information.”

The fellow who doesn't know much, but knows enough not to let others know that he doesn't know, knows more than some of the knowing ones.

Master (explaining longitude and latitude)—“Now each degree has four minutes to it. Thus when its 2 o'clock p.m. in Montreal, it will be about 7 o'clock in England.”

Rankin—“Yes, sir, tis' the same as saying “when it's Tuesday in Italy it's Wednesday over here.”

The Fifth played two hockey games. In the first we were beaten by a team picked from the remainder of the school. In the second we beat the Sixth Form. We also played the masters twice. In both of these games we defeated them.

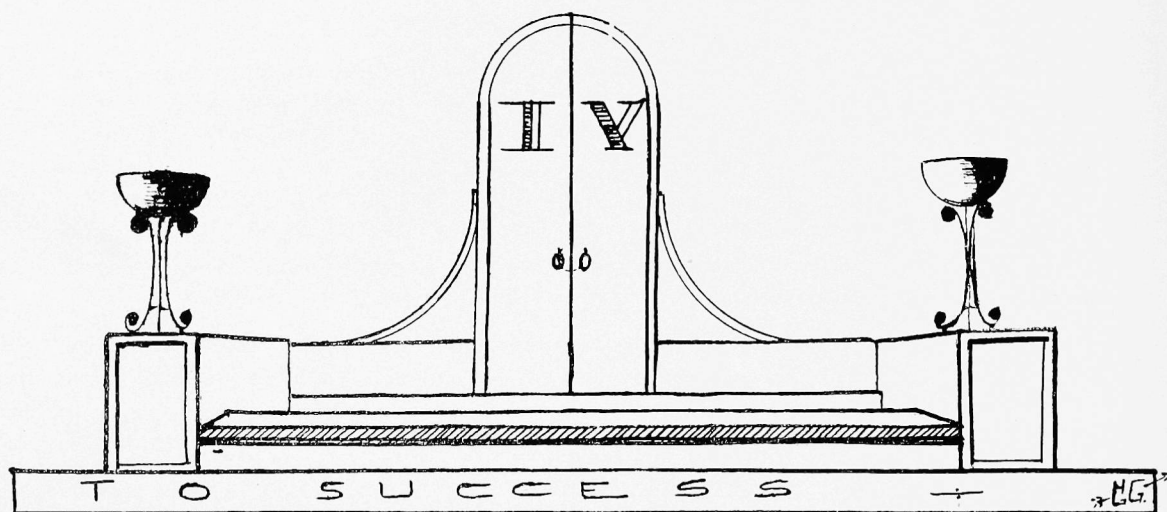
At the beginning of the Trinity Term we played the Sixth Form in Baseball, but we were beaten by 14-10. This was a very good game; and gathered a fair crowd of boys.

Reproduction of William Hazlitt's essay on “Persons, whom we should liked to have seen.” (with due respect to William Hazlitt).

H. L. H. and W. M. M.

This funny and amusing essay is one of the “selected Dent's essays”. From our point of view, it would have been better had it not been selected. But that is neither here nor there. The people concerned in it are L. M. N. S. and Miss P. There are a great many more mentioned, but for the reader's sake, let us mention only these five. It is bad enough with these, to say nothing of the others. When this assembly meets L, rises for the occasion, and states “From his point of view he would liked to have seen Themistocles”—(thank goodness it's from his point of view). S, rises and argues that, he, like all Greeks was a treacherous person. At this point we all agree that S, is quite right and that we should let bygones be bygones, thus Themistocles is out of it. (Here a general gasp of “thank goodness” is heard from the rest of the members). Then M, rises and states that he would like to have seen Bismark, at this we were all shocked, and Miss P, then jumps up, and in a squeaky voice which was put on, replies “What! have that old man back again, I should say not, gracious me, no, what nonsense.” So she turned to M, and said “My dear man, are you in your right senses? What ever makes you want him back again for!” M. then rises and for the sake of not being embarrassed, asked that the question be dropped. We agreed and parted thinking all the time what absolute fools we had made of ourselves. But M only stated “why, we all make mistakes” To this we all agreed that we had certainly made many mistakes during the last meeting.





THE FOURTH

I think I'll now proceed to tell,
 Although perhaps not very well,
 The names of all that form called 4.
 There's Cleghorn, Hocking, Blinco, Black,
 Simms and Drury, Holland, Sharpe,
 Payan, Duggan and Doucet,
 Fuller, Gillespie and Roberts yet.
 And they are all that you will see,
 With one exception and that's me.

P.B.C.

THE RAID

T'was midnight in the dormitory,
 Not a master was in sight,
 When up they got and ran upstairs,
 They caught the others unawares,
 And dumped their beds, and ran down stairs,
 Quite heedless of the others cares.

II

T'was noontime in the dormitory,
 The members were all there,
 I need not tell the story
 Its much too sad to share.

III

T'was midnight in the dormitory,
 No master was in sight,
 The occupants slept soundly,
 And quietly through the night.

Fuller
 Oland
 DoUcet
 RobeRts
 CorisTine
 SHarpe

Fuller
 BlincO
 CleghoRn
 SiMms

The puzzling question in the IV this year is:—How many lines has Black had this year.

Common Sayings in the IV

Yea, 60 minutes.
 Remind me to set the Physics Prep.
 Wah! that's always one of McGill's questions.
 Mmmm, now what was the prep?
 Well, you must come and say it to me tomorrow morning then.
 Hello, how are you?

Other sayings heard at different times.

Cheese it!
 Out the window with H66
 So's your old man.
 Where's Roberts prep?
 Who's done the Algebra?
 Give me lines instead, sir?
 How much, sir?
 What for sir?
 Dont forget to remind me to set some Physics.

Master to Simms, "where's your prep?"

Simms—"Sir, I had first bath, hair cut, and an extra lesson, and this morning I did it on scrap paper and lost it.



The boys of our form are many in number,
 There's Cory and Sise and Peter the plumber,
 We also have Ian and Lazzzy the hick,
 Say nothing of Ramsey who'll make you turn pink.
 Taylor and Gordon the Geometry hounds,
 Hec Howell and Markey whose brains bust all bounds.
 We almost forgot Charles Mills and Fayette,
 Whose great generosity a record has set.
 The only ones left are Allan and Shehyn,
 Here's hoping this rhyme won't go to your brain.

H. K.

PatTon
 SheHyn
 KEnnedy

Blaylock
 KEnny
 SiSe
 Taylor

MaCDougall
 HoweLl
 WeAver
 CoriStine
 MeakinS

D. M.

Questions bothering IIIA:

When will Howell finish his prep before 9.15 a.m.?
 When will Mr. P change his tie?
 When will Drury II have no drill?
 When will Sise forget to say "Beg Pardon, Sir"?
 When will Shehyn find his prep?
 How Mr. M . . . gets his books open two seconds after coming into the room?

Some things we hear in our form:

"Now then Jennie."

"When I say stop talking I mean nothing more nor less than STOP TALKING."

"A la page."

"A package of potato chips, please."

"Cheese it, you guys."

"Aw gee, Sir, what for?"

"Who asked you for a song?"

"Have an apple."

"Quite the bolognies."

"Now Howell, Howell, really."

"I got them all right, Sir."

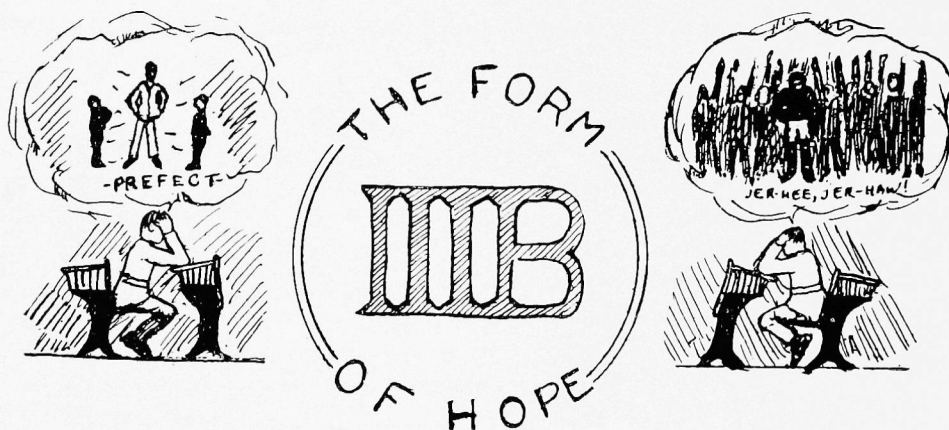
"So's your Aunty."

"Come and see me after."

Who's done all their prep.?"

A is for Allan, who's not at all bad,
B is for Boxing, a comp we've just had.
C is for Charlie, a very good shot,
D is for Donald, who's writing this rot.
E is for Eddie, a champion in classes,
F is for Fred, who makes all the glasses.
G is for golf, an awfully good game,
H is for Howell, a magician of fame,
I is for Ian, a boxer is he,
J is for Johnnie, a doctor he'll be.
K is for Kennedy, a golfer of fame,
L is for Lazzie, from Vermont he came.
M is for Mac, who has an awful blow,
N is for Nothing, which all of us know.
O is for Ogilvie, from Montreal.
P is for Paul, who's the shiek of us all.
Q is for Questions they ask us each day,
R is for Ramsey, a heft; I should say.
S is for Sise who really can bellow,
T is for Taylor, not a bad fellow.
U is for Us, our brains are very clear,
V is for Verses, you see them all here.
W is for Weaver, our Gymnastic star,
X is the first letter we've left out so far.
Y is for You, who I never have seen,
Z is for Zeal, which also means keen.

D. M.



Courage in sports do we try to display,
 Odds are against us and this we must say,
 Three in our number, King, Cothran and Ross,
 Heedless of Kenny, at Xmas our loss.
 Ranked at the bottom of forms in the school,
 Age is the reason, not one is a fool,
 Nor are we "dumb", but quite smart as a rule.

Keenly maintaining traditions of old,
 In a form boasting of scholars untold,
 Naught do we mind when politely it's said;
 Greater in knowledge before us have led.

Rarely if ever is one of us found,
 Other than joyful when "prep" comes around.
 Surely there's little of praise we've not said,
 So, just to please us, believe what you've read.

A few decades from now the following articles may possibly appear in the important newspapers:—

NOTED SCHOLAR TO SPEAK AT DINNER

At the dinner to be given by the Scientist's Club next Tuesday, Professor Frank Cothran, M.A., will address the members on the subject of advanced mathematics in their more advanced phases. Professor Cothran has often, in the past years, come before the public eye owing to his uncanny mathematical genius. He is a recognized authority on almost any scientific subject.

or

TALENTED AUTHOR TO VISIT AMERICA

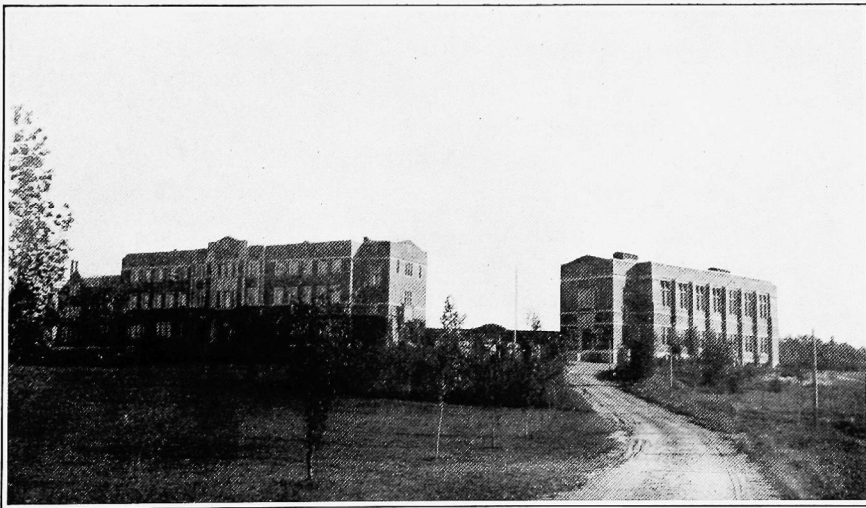
The Hon. Edward King, whose remarkable novels have revolutionized both this

country and England is shortly to pay us a visit. Huge demonstrations have been arranged for his formal arrival and the police force have taken definite measures to keep his mob of admirers from upsetting New York traffic when the author drives through the city.

or

EMINENT HISTORIAN AWARDED HONOURS

Yesterday, at 3 o'clock, Professor Donald Ross was awarded highest possible honours at Oxford University. Due to the success of his most recent work "The History of all Times," almost every University of importance in the world has arranged to confer honorary degrees upon him. At the reception given yesterday at Oxford, the student body was almost uncontrollable in its zeal to express its appreciation of so great a man.



SCHOOL FROM THE EAST DRIVE

ADIOS

Good bye! . . . good bye for ever!
Though I may come again . . .
For, tugging at my heart strings
There will be an old pain.
I shall remember quiet ways
And many secret places where
I wandered round the woody glens,
Scarce knowing I was happy there.
When I loaned Bob a nickel
With confidence sublime,
Or Jim lent me, ungrudgingly,
'Twas all he had—a dime.
Good bye! good bye for ever!
All combats in these halls
With Masters, New Kids, strife with self!
The louder battle calls.
I shall remember quiet ways
When the gale of life blows high,
When men put their souls in pawn,
And their divinity belie.
Other lads will strip to bathe
On the Massawippi bank,
Think their thoughts as I thought mine:
Long, long thoughts, unspoiled and frank.
I shall remember Morning days
And wildwood flowers . . . when life stood still,
I whispered them a secret thing
Down in the green woods of Lennoxville.
A little thing was whispered
That only few hold dear;
The hours stood still in Allary,
To hear, as I did hear.
Yet once more, O ye woodlands! . . .
. . . . No! . . . I'll return to tell,
If I keep faith in battle
And guard our secret well.
The games, the shouts to day recede . . .
Grow faint and dim . . . their echoes die . . .
No "new coined day to fling away" . . .
The Fight's begun . . . Good bye . . . Good bye!

R. L.

Boxing

PRELIMINARIES

Middle Weights

Blinco vs. Mitchell

Winner—Mitchell

1st round: Blinco leaves guard open, and receives jabs right and left. Mitchell tires towards end of round and bout becomes slow.

2nd round: Starts quickly. Blinco's blows hard and straight, but not always reaching their mark. Mitchell's attack smart; lands several quick lefts, but Blinco's return blows are rapid. Bout slows up again near finish. Mitchell quicker in foot work.

Neel I vs. Aitchison.

Winner—Neel I

1st round: Neel opens fight, and lands hard blows right and left. He has advantage of reach, and easily holds Aitchison off. Aitchison beginning to show signs of punishment.

2nd round: Neel still forcing fight and outclasses Aitchison using his 6 feet 2 inches to great advantage.

Patton I vs. MacNeill

Winner—Patton I

1st round: Patton begins with hard body punch. Much feinting on both sides; slows up towards finish.

2nd round: Patton forces fight and MacNeill staggers under blows. Very little mixing as in the first round, but Patton's blows are hard.

Neill II vs. Rankin I

Winner Neill II

1st round: Neill II charges fast and furious, and guards well. Rankin returns heavy blows which begin to tell on Neill towards the end of the round. Neill has the best of the first.

2nd round: Fast exchange of blows opens the round. Rankin forces hard and his punches tell, but Neill makes a final sprint and lands several hard blows.

SEMI-FINALS

Middle Weights

Patton I vs. Neill II

Winner—Patton I

1st round: Neill started with fast footwork, but Patton easily held him off. Patton's long arms, and heavy punches are effective.

2nd round: Patton again takes the offensive and holds Neill's furious rushes down, landing telling blows in the stomach at every chance.

Neel I vs. Mitchell

Winner—Mitchell.

1st round: Neel gets first Punch with left. Mitchell drives fiercely right and left. and succeeds in getting in close several times.

2nd round: Mitchell starts with two rushes which Neel failed to parry. The round is furious all the time. Weight behind Mitchell's blows which tell on Neel.

FINALS**Middle Weights**

Mitchell vs. Patton

Winner—Mitchell

1st round: Patton gets in first then Mitchell drives him to ropes and follows this up with heavy fighting until Patton falls. Slow bout enlivened by a few rushes.

2nd round: Mitchell's attack so strong that Patton is unable to encounter it at all, and takes stiff head blows. Round slow, both boxers trying for an opening.

3rd round: Much feinting. Mitchell lands four with his left and gets back on guard.

PRELIMINARIES**Welter-Weights**

Fuller vs. Duggan

Winner—Fuller

1st round: Fuller slightly more aggressive but Duggan replies with much vim. Fuller slashes with series of whirling punches but gets many a heavy punch on head as he opens his guard.

2nd round: Fuller sends Duggan to ropes, but Duggan holds a good guard. Fuller never ceases his attack and lands some heavy blows. Very fast bout.

Drury I vs. Carsley

Winner—Carsley

1st round: Carsley boxes cleverly, and easily holds Drury off. Drury has no attack.

2nd round: Carsley punches Drury hard to ropes, and holds his superiority to the end.

Oland vs. Short

Winner—Oland

1st round: Oland keeps the bout lively, and finds his mark time after time. Oland little ruffled by series, but Short shows signs of punishment.

2nd round: Even, fast and furious for first few seconds, but Oland's condition is better, and Short tires.

Johnston II vs. Grant

Winner—Grant

1st round: Grant so fierce in his attack that Johnston crumples under superior onslaught of well aimed straight blows.

SEMI-FINALS**Welter-Weights**

Fuller vs. Carsley

Winner—Fuller

1st round: Carsley edges his opponent into corner and lands some hard blows, but Fuller keeps moving and his foot work saves him from some hard blows.

2nd round: Fuller darts in and out and reaches his mark a number of times. Fuller boxed hard throughout the fight.

Oland vs. Grant

Winner—Grant

1st round: Grant attacks viciously at first and badly punishes Oland, but Oland steadies up and gives blow for blow.

2nd round—Ding-dong—solid blows—guards dropped—both tiring, but very even, and the best fight of the series.

FINALS

Welter-Weights

Fuller vs. Grant

Winner—Grant

1st round: Grant forces the pace, but Fuller dodges cleverly and gives as much as he takes.

2nd round: Fuller avoids several punishing blows. Fuller launches fierce attack, and round ends without distinct advantage to either side.

3rd round: Grant works speedily, and despite Fullers' defense sends home several blows.

PRELIMINARIES

Light-Weight

Black vs. Kenny

Winner—Kenny

1st round: Black makes cautious beginning. Kenny shows excellent style. No wild hitting.

2nd round: Faster—Kenny lands 3 hits to 1—shows clever footwork. Black retains caution but Kenny's dodging and feinting too clever.

Cleghorn vs. Taylor II

Winner—Cleghorn

1st round: Taylor punches hard, but Cleghorn retaliates in two rushes when he punches Taylor and demoralizes his guard. Too much going round in a circle. Cleghorn sends Taylor into ropes in a quick succession of pokes.

2nd round: Taylor evades constant lefts of his adversary and by quick footwork keeps on terms of equality. No real hard hitting.

Payan vs. Dobell.

Winner—Dobell

1st round: Dobell's hook and upper cut comes into play. Dobell gets in left when Payan tries to force the pace. Hitting hard, but guard often lowered by both.

2nd round: Exchange of blows gives the advantage to Dobell, whose hits from the shoulder have weight and force. Payan showed quickness and agility, but little actual "self-defence"

Greig vs. Blaylock

Winner—Blaylock

1st round: Greig light on toes; but breaks away too rapidly without using openings. Blaylock sound on body punches, and protects himself well.

2nd round: Greig's height and reach afford him many a chance but Blaylock has more "pep" behind his well-directed lefts.

Smith I vs. Smith II

Winner—Smith II

1st round: Smith I holds guard well, and has stronger punch.

2nd round: Smith I rushes and Smith II is unable to ward off the hard body blows.

SEMI-FINALS**Light Weight**

Kenny vs. Dobell

Winner—Kenny

1st round: Not much heavy hitting in the first few seconds, but neat foot work. Faster towards the end of round, Kenny having the edge.

2nd round: Kenny gets first hit and has Dobell at his mercy. Dobell tries hard but is unable to reach Kenny.

Smith II vs. Blaylock

Winner—Smith II

1st round: Smith has good guard and useful right. Blaylock takes punishment well, and tries hard.

2nd round: Smith uses his height and reach to great advantage and gives some hard blows, but Blaylock is game.

Cleghorn vs. Kenny

Winner—Kenny

1st round—Kenny very quick with landing lightning jabs, forcing Cleghorn into ropes. Cleghorn is a good loser, fighting all the time.

2nd round: Kenny shows ease and is very quick, but Cleghorn comes back again and again to take hard blows.

FINALS**Light Weight**

Kenny vs. Smith II

Winner—Kenny

1st round: Kenny much lighter on his feet and gives quick punches but Smith has good guard and lands some good hits. Kenny however, forces the fight and showers blows on Smith.

2nd round: A fierce start with Kenny getting the best. Slows down towards end, both keeping careful guard.

3rd round: Kenny again shows superiority and forces Smith to the ropes several times.

PRELIMINARIES**Feather Weights**

Drury II vs. Patton II

Winner—Patton II

1st round: Patton slips away from punch after punch. Very little hitting. No close fighting.

2nd round: Patton delivers several hard rights but Drury does not tire nor weaken under continuous pummeling and returns the compliments as well as he can, often beating Patton's guard.

Sharp vs. Cothran

Winner—Sharp

1st round: Quickness, and cleverness of Sharp tells against the harder hitting of Cothran.

Sharp has best of the round.

2nd round: Sharp has to take greater care this round because Cothran is keener. However Sharp lands home two or three nasty blows in the ribs and avoids the wilder slugging of Cothran.

King vs. Hall II

Winner—Hall II

1st round: King warned. Hall lands blow after blow because defense of King weak. King content to swing wildly instead of boxing.

2nd round: A furious attack by King starts the round which took some pep out of Hall, but King tires and Hall easily holds the rest of the round.

Gillespie vs. Murray

Winner—Murray

1st round: Much feinting, and very little hard hitting.

2nd round: Murry forces the fight and gets in a few good blows.

Coristine I vs. Howell

Winner—Howell

1st round: Coristine lets down his head too much, and Howell uses his left to some purpose.

2nd round: Howell is going to the defensive, and Coristine can only get an occasional punch in.

SEMI-FINALS

Feather-Weight

Meakins vs. Doucet

Winner—Doucet

1st round: Meakins is outclassed from the start and decision is given to Doucet.

Patton II vs. Howell

Winner Patton II

1st round: Patton is too strong for Howell and is given the decision in first round.

Hall II vs. Sharp

Winner—Sharp

1st round: Very even, and not much exchange of blows. Sharp has better style.

2nd round: Very even, with good defending on each side.

Sharp vs. Patton

Winner—Sharp

1st round: Sharp gets two hits to every one of Patton. Sharp keeps a very good guard.

2nd round: Even, and Patton working hard. Sharp has easier style, although Patton is faster.

Murray vs. Doucet.

Winner—Murray

1st round: More weight behind Murray's punch, but Doucet gets in a few lefts to good purpose.

2nd round: A fast round, Murray is more aggressive.

FINALS**Feather-Weight**

Murray vs. Sharp

Winner Sharp

1st round: Murry gets in some good punches, but Sharp pays him back fully.

2nd round: Starts fast with Murray giving most of the punishment. Murray however, tires and Sharp gets back before the gong.

PRELIMINARIES**Bantam Weight**

Weaver vs. Coristien II

Winner—Coristine II

1st round: Coristine takes the offensive and forces Weaver around the ring. Weaver ducks too often.

2nd round: Coristine again takes the lead, and lands some good blows. Not enough hit behind Weaver's punch.

Kennedy vs. Markey II

Winner—Markey II

1st round: Markey lands some effective rights, but Kennedy gets his share in.

2nd round: Kennedy tiring quickly and Markey has it his own way.

SEMI-FINALS**Bantam Weight**

Coristine II vs. Size

Winnar—Coristine II

1st round: Coristine places some well controlled blows, and never loses control.

2nd round: Coristine again forces Sise around the ring, and lands his left and right regularly.

Markey II vs. Ogilvie

Winner—Ogilvie

1st round:: Ogilvie takes the offensive and keeps Markey in a corner, but gives little hard punishment.

2nd round: Ogilvie hits harder and more often, Markey has good guard, but is unable to stop them all.

FINALS**Bantam Weight**

Ogilvie vs. Coristine II

Winner—Coristine II

1st round: Coristine keeps better guard. Very lively with a lot of mixing; Coristine getting a little the better.

2nd round: Coristine showed clever footwork but Ogilvie who was silghtly outboxed kept a good guard.

A. J. O'MEARA, One of our last year's stalwarts.

(From the McGill Daily)

Then followed the spice of the programme. O'Meara who had provided a good deal of the excitement in the programme of the night before hooked up with MacNaughton, whom some one had nick-named the fighting fool. MacNaughton turned out to have plenty of fighting ability and no fool either and the battle was fast and furious. O'Meara adopted decidedly aggressive tactics but MacNaughton showed that he could take a lot and come back to give some. Three rounds of heavy hammering and the judges disagreed and an extra round was called. Both men by this time began to show the effects of the pace but the fight was still very much worth while watching. After a hectic extra round O'Meara got the decision. O'Meara won his fight on his aggressiveness in the opening moments of the three rounds when he hit MacNaughton repeatedly. The latter, however, showed an amazing ability to take all O'Meara could give and put up a great fight. Both men were 160 lb. artists.



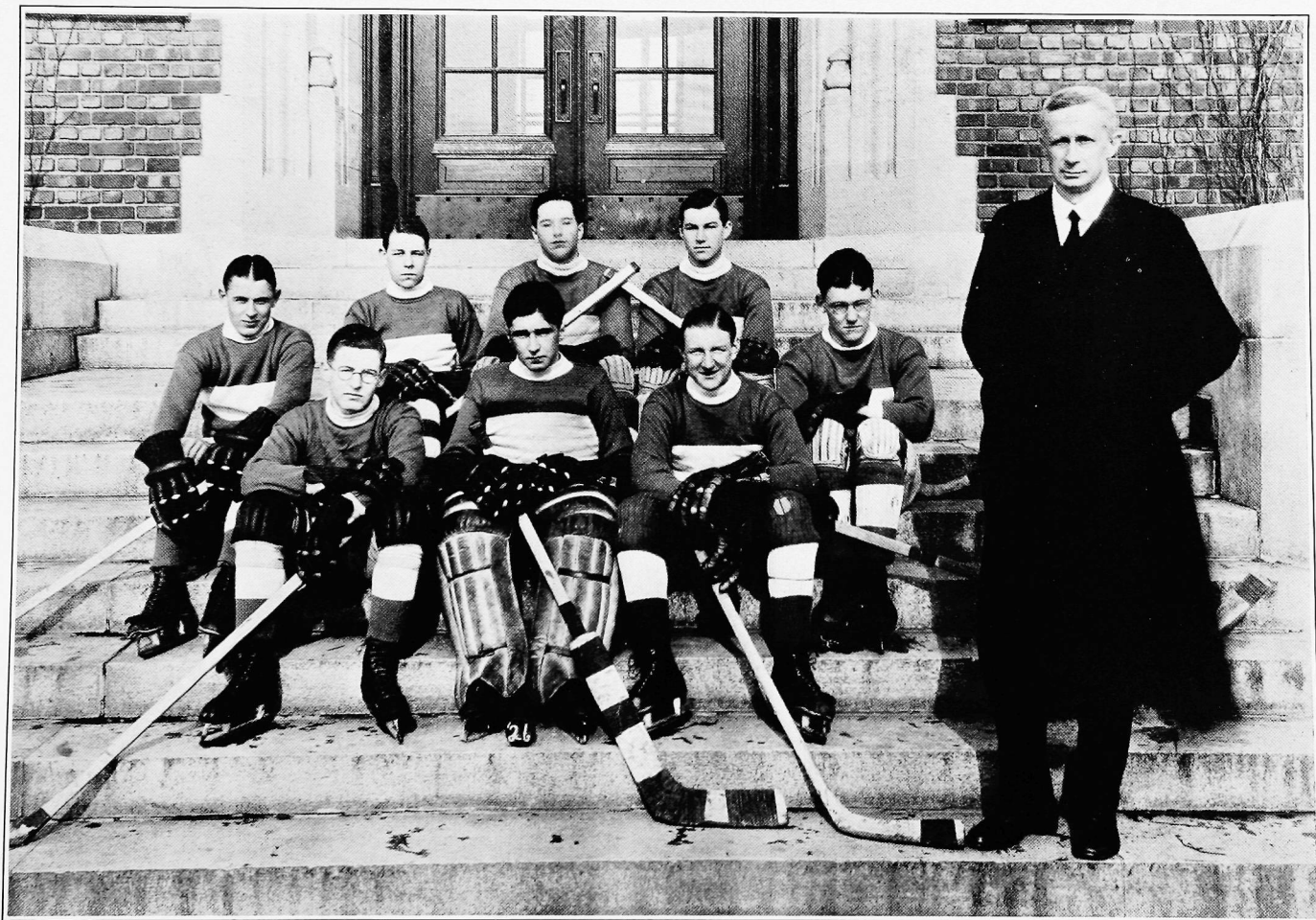
THE MEASLES

(with vast apologies to Browning)

Oh, to have the measles
Now that it's the style,
And whoever wakes with measles
Sees, that morning, with a smile,
That on his chest their are tiny spots,
Which, the nurse will claim, are the measles spots,
While the doctor grins and with her agrees,
Next victim—please!

And after a while when the taxi comes
And your best friend stares and far away runs!
Hark, where the spotted measlers at the door
Peer down the road to see if there are more
Coming to join them—while back at the school—
That's the wise boy; he says his prayers twice over
Lest on **his** chest the dreaded spots may hover.
The first of all the symptoms as a rule!
And though there's lots of swotting to be done
And work is hard and exams. no fun,
Yet rather would I slave both night and day,
Than with the measles for my freedom pay!

A. B.

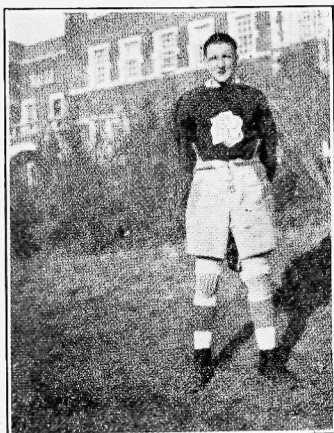


K. S. Grant

G. W. Hall
J. RankinR. N. Taylor
W. Mitchell1st HOCKEY TEAM
N. T. NeelC. Rankin
L. Blinco, Capt.

S. P. Smith, Esq.

Hockey



"JOE" Hockey Captain

HOCKEY GAMES PLAYED SEASON OF 1926

3rd Feb.....	Lennoxville High School.....	won	3-2	played at L.H.S.
10th Feb.....	Sherbrooke High School.....	won	4-0	played at B.C.S.
13th Feb.....	Lower Canada College.....	lost	6-2	played at B.C.S.
16th Feb.....	Lennoxville High School.....	won	8-0	played at B.C.S.
20th Feb.....	Sherbrooke Rovers.....	won	3-1	played at B.C.S.
24th Feb.....	St. Patricks Academy.....	lost	8-0	played at B.C.S.
27th Feb.....	Lower Canada College.....	won	5-4	played at L.C.C.
1st March.....	Ashbury College.....	lost	9-1	played at Montreal
3rd March.....	Sherbrooke High School.....	won	6-2	played at S.H.S.
6th March.....	Stanstead College.....	won	4-3	played at B.C.S.
10th March.....	St. Patrick's Academy.....	lost	5-1	played at St. P. A.
13th March.....	University of Lennoxville.....	won	3-1	played at B.C.S.
17th March.....	University of Lennoxville II.....	won	5-1	played at U. of L.

Leading Goal Scorers

K. Grant	17 goals.
L. Blinco	9 goals.
C. Rankin	8 goals.
D. Luther	6 goals.
R. Taylor	5 goals.

St. Patrick's Academy vs. Bishop's College School. On Wednesday, March the 10th, St. Patrick's Academy of Sherbrooke defeated the School hockey team 5-1 and thus gained possession of the Molson Trophy which the School had captured the two previous years. The first period opened fast and the puck went from end to end. The goalies were both

given hard shorts to handle. With but two minutes to go Whitcomb put his side one up and the period ended with St. Pat's one to the good. Two minutes after the start of the second period St. Pat's scored two quick goals, Grant almost immediately replying for the School. Shortly before the close of this period L. Gain scored his second goal for his side, the period ending 4 to 1 for St. Pats. The third period brought out some great hockey from both sides. Both teams pressed hard and finally Whitcomb broke away and scored his teams fifth and final tally. In the dying moments of the game the School pressed hard but could not score.

The line-ups:

B.C.S.

Mitchell.....	Goal.....	Henalty
C. Rankin.....	Defence.....	E. Hall
Neel.....	Defence.....	Gordon
Grant.....	Centre.....	Whitcomb
Luther.....	R. Wing.....	L. Gain
Hall.....	L. Wing.....	Clark
Taylor.....	Sub.....	P. Gain
Duggan.....	Sub.....	Parsons
J. Rankin.....	Sub.....	

St. Pats

Referee J. Powers

(From Sherbrooke Record)

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL SCORED VICTORY

Playing at home on Wednesday afternoon in the first scheduled game of the newly formed Inter-School League, Lennoxville High School went down before Bishop's College School by a score of 3 to 2. L.H.S. missed the brilliant playing of Cann on right wing. For the Visitors Blinco played a fine game. Stafford was easily the best for L.H.S., although Brundage put up a very good game in the nets, making some nice stops. B.C.S. played good combination but their shooting was a little weak. Stafford scored both times for L.H.S.

The Line-up:

L.H.S.

Brundage.....	Goal.....	Mitchell
Stewart.....	Defence.....	Rankin
Dunfield.....	Defence.....	Taylor
Stafford.....	Centre.....	Grant

B.C.S.

Beck.....	L. Wing.....	Blinco
Colquhoun.....	R. Wing.....	Luther
Crawford.....	Subs.....	Hall
Hadlock.....	Subs.....	Rankin
Titcomb.....	Subs.....	Sangster
Pergau.....	Subs.....	

David O'Keefe, referee

(From Sherbrooke Record)

B.C.S. DOWNED S.H.S. 6 to 2.

Playing at the University Rink yesterday afternoon, Bishop's College School defeated Sherbrooke High School by a score of 6 goals to 2.

The visitors scored their two goals in the opening session, Saunders and Conley being responsible. In the second period, C. Rankin netted two and Grant one for B.C.S. and, in the final stanza, Grant accounted for three. Bishop's were without the services of Blinco, their captain, who was injured in a game in Montreal.

The line-ups:

S.H.S.

Bishop.....	Goal.....	Mitchell
Conner.....	Defence.....	C. Rankin
Saunders.....	Defence.....	K. Rankin
Conley.....	Forward.....	Grant
Hammond.....	Forward.....	Luther
Mozel.....	Forward.....	Duggan
Lunn.....	Subs.....	Cleghorn
Bouchard.....	Subs.....	Taylor

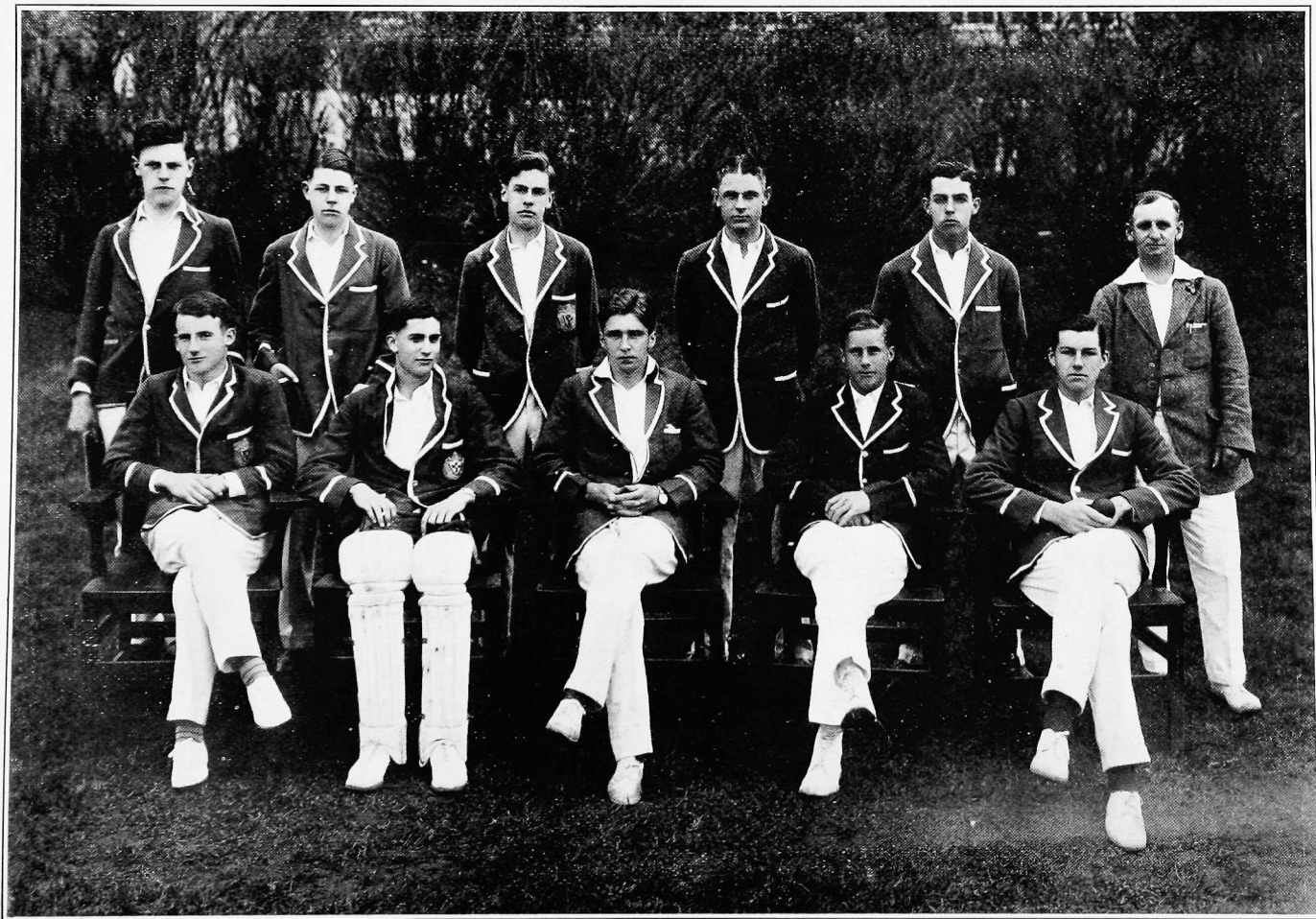
B.C.S.**2nd HOCKEY TEAM**

J. Rankin
G. W. Hall

G. Baker

H. Duggan
R. G. Aitchison

R. N. Taylor
J. Cleghorn



1st CRICKET ELEVEN

G. E. Auld (Scorer)
D. Johnston

G. W. Hall
R. R. MacDougall

D. L. Luther
W. Mitchell (Capt.)
R. G. Aitchison (absent)

K. S. Grant

E. Sangster
L. Blinco (absent)

J. P. Fuller

R. Eccles (Coach)
N. T. Neel

Cricket

On our return from the Easter Holidays we found our cricket prospects exceedingly bright, Mr. R. Eccles, formerly of Lancashire II and later of C.P.R. Recs. had been engaged as coach and five old colours were at hand to form the nucleus of this year's team. After two practice games with the Masters and one with the College our hopes for a successful season rose high. In the First Match we defeated Magog for the first time in three years. Two days, however, before leaving for Montreal to play Ashbury an epidemic of light German Measles broke out which not only forced the cancellation of the game but took about half a dozen of our most promising cricketers.

In the game played against Magog the following are the scores and bowling analyses.

School		Magog	
Mitchell, b. Bean.....	11	Whittaker, c. Hall, b. Grant.....	5
Blinco, c. Gaunt, b. Whittaker.....		Radcliffe, b. Grant.....	0
Luther, c. Meek, b. Gaunt.....	12	G. Gaunt, b. Grant.....	10
Grant, b. Bean.....	0	Shaw, c. Sangster, B. Johnston.....	2
Johnston, c. Gaunt, b. Whittaker.....	9	Botter, not out.....	11
Carsley, b. Bean.....	5	Bradley, c. Carsley, b. Grant.....	1
Sangster, b. Gaunt.....	1	C. Gaunt, c. Luther, b. Johnston.....	0
MacDougall, not out.....	4	C. Gaunt, c. Luther, b. Johnston.....	3
Fuller, c. Gaunt, b. Bean.....	0	D. Gaunt, stpd. MacDougall, b. R.	
Hall, c. Radcliffe, b. Whittaker.....	1	Smith.....	11
R. Smith, b. Bean.....	1	Lowe, b. R. S. Smith.....	1
Extras.....	7	Bean, c. Fuller, b. R. Smith.....	1
Total.....	58	Extra.....	1
		Total.....	46

Bowling Analysis

Magog	School
Bean 5 wickets for 27	Grant 5 wickets for 28
Whittaker 3 wickets for 23	Johnston, 2 wickets for 20
Gaunt 2 wickets for 8	R. Smith, 3 wickets for 7.

The School, on June 5th, defeated Lower Canada College in their annual cricket match on the School Campus. The School won the toss and batted first innings piling up 76 runs, of which Luther was responsible for 27. Browning of L.C.C. taking 8 wickets for 16 runs.

In their first innings L.C.C. were put out for 29 runs, Neel taking 6 of their wickets for 7 runs. The School in their second innings declared at lunch-time with 54 for 9 wickets. Luther again being the chief scorer. Play was resumed at 1.30 L.C.C. having 102 runs to make in 55 minutes. Of these they succeeded in making 79 for 7 wickets before stumps were drawn, thus leaving the school a win on the first innings.

B.C.S.

Mitchell, c. Gardiner, b. Browning.....	12
Luther, b. played on Browning.....	27
Johnston, c. Smith, b. Salter.....	0
Blinco, c. Gardiner, b. Browning.....	1
MacDougall, b. Browning.....	0
Neel, c. Gardiner, b. Salter.....	1
Sangster, l.b.w., b. Browning.....	9
Grant, c. Gardiner, b. Browning.....	0
Carsley, l.b.w., b. Browning.....	2
Fuller, not out.....	5
Hall I, b. Browning.....	8

—
65

Extras.....11

Scorers:—Auld, Boulton.

L.C.C.

Jones, b. Neel.....	1
Johnson, b. Neel.....	10
How, b. Neel.....	0
White, b. Neel.....	2
Browning, c. Sangster, b. Grant.....	2
Webster, c. Sangster, b. Johnston.....	1
Salter, c. Johnston, b. Grant.....	4
Swabey, b. Grant.....	0
Gardiner, not out.....	4
Draper, run out.....	0
Smith, b. Neel.....	3

—
27

Extras.....2

Second Innings

B.C.S.

Blinco, b. Browning.....	1
Mitchell, b. Jones.....	1
Luther, not out.....	29
Johnston, b. Jones.....	2
MacDougall, c. Howe, b. Jones.....	0
Neel, c. and b. Browning.....	4
Sangster, l.b.w., Jones.....	5
Grant, b. Browning.....	4
Carsley, b. Jones.....	2
Fuller, b. Jones.....	1
Hall I, not out.....	1

—
50

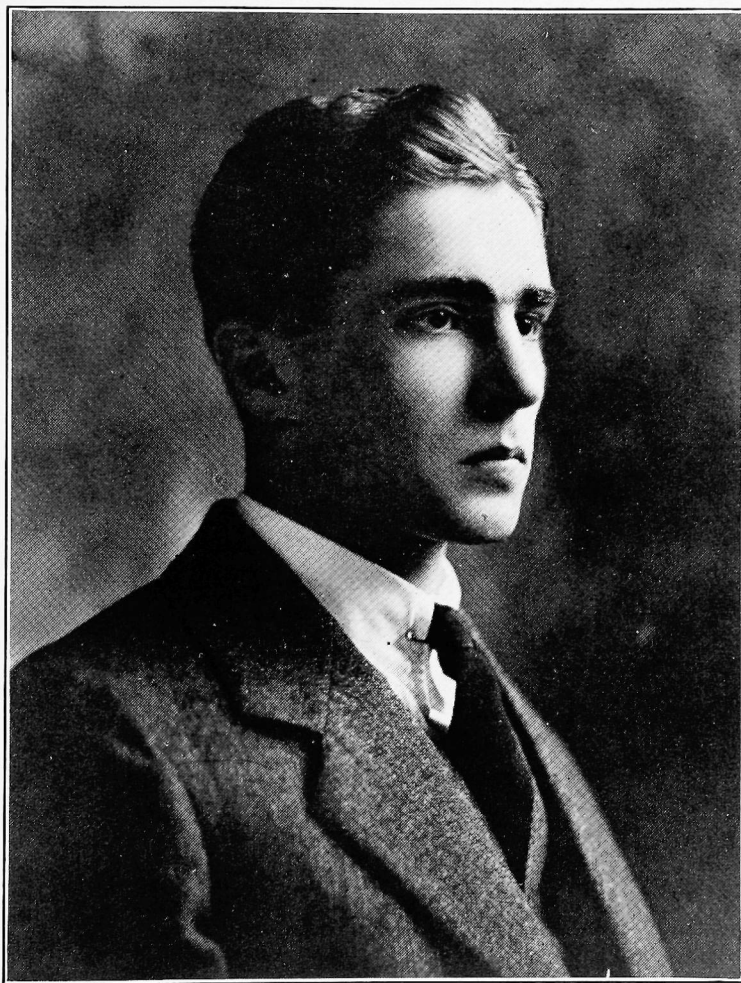
Extras.....4

L.C.C.

Jones, b. Neel.....	31
Johnson, c. Luther, b. Johnston.....	9
Browning, c. Neel, b. Johnston.....	0
White, c. Mitchell, b. Johnson.....	12
Salter, b. Johnston.....	1
Webster, not out.....	20
Gardiner, b. Neel.....	1
Howe, l.b.w., Neel.....	1
Swabey, not out.....	1
Draper, did not bat.....	
Smith, did not bat.....	

—
76

Extras.....5



"BILLY" MITCHELL

Captain of Football, Commander of the Cadet Corps,
Senior Prefect and Cricket Captain

SCHOOL CALENDAR

January	13—School opens after Xmas holidays
January	14—Hockey starts.
January	30th—Debate.
February	3—School beats L.H.S. at Minto Rink, Score 3-2
February	6—Second team loses to North Hatley, Score 4-3.
February	10—School beats S.H.S., score 4-0.
February	13—Senior and Intermediate teams lose to L.C.C. on Memorial Rink, Scores 6-2, and 2-0.
February	17—Ash Wednesday. School beats Lennoxville Juniors. Score 7-0.
February	20—Debate.
February	24—School loses to St. Pats. Score 9-0.
February	26—Hockey teams leave for Montreal.
February	27—School beats L.C.C. Senior team. Score 5-4. Intermediate team loses. Score 4-0.
March	1—School loses to Ashbury. Score 9-0.
March	3—School beats S.H.S. Score 6-0.
March	6—School beats Stanstead. Score 4-3.
March	6—Debate.
March	11—School beats College Freshmen. Score 3-1.
March	27—Gym. Comp.
March	30—Easter Exams begin.
April	1—School breaks up for Easter Holidays.
April	12—School returns after Easter Holidays.
April	20—Cricket starts for first crease.
April	23—River goes out. Rolling tennis courts starts.
April	25—Water over the road to Chapel.
May	5—Boxing Competition.
May	8—Cricket match with the College. We lose, score 125-42.
May	13—Three quarter holiday. Ascension Day.
May	15—Cricket match, School vs. Magog. We win, score 83-61. Debate.
May	18—Tennis Tournament starts.
May	19—First case of measles.
May	22—Cricket teams' trip to Montreal cancelled. School in quarantine.
May	24—Whole holiday Queen's birthday.
June	3—Holiday. King's birthday.
June	4—Inspection of Cadet Corps.
June	11—School closing day.
June	16—McGill Exams. start.

EXCHANGES

- "Acta Ridleiana", Ridley College, Ont.
"Albanian", St. Albans School, Ont.
"Anvil", Middlesex School, Mass.
"Argus", Appleby, School, Ont.
"Ashburian", Ashbury College, Ont.
"Beaver Log", Miss Edgar's School.
"Bishop's Strachan School Magazine."
"Black and Red", University School, B.C.
"Blue and White", Rothesay Collegiate School.
"Brimmerwrites", Brimmer School, Mass.
"Campbellian", Campbell College, Ireland
"Cargilfield Chronicle", Edinburgh, Scotland.
"Choate News," Choate School, Conn.
"Columbia Jester," Columbia University, N.Y.
"Felstedian", Felsted College, Eng.
"Fettesian", Fettes College, Scotland.
"Goat", Royal Canadian Dragoons.
"Golden Rod", Quincy High School, Mass.
"Haileyburian", Haileybury College, Eng.
"Helliconian", Moulton College, Ont.
"Hiotehkiss Hit", Lakeville, Conn.
"Lit", Lawrenceville School, N.J.
"Liverpool College Magazine", England.
"Loomis Log", Loomis Institute, Conn.
"Lower Canada College Review", Montreal.
"McGill Daily", McGill University, Montreal.
"Mitre", University of Lennoxville
"Oakwood Oracle", Oakwood College, Ont.
"Rossalian", Rossal College, Eng.
"Orange and Blue", Milton Academy, Mass.
"Quebec High School Magazine", Quebec.
"Royal Military College Review", Kingston.
"Salt Shaker", Saskatoon, Sask.
"S.H.S.", St. Helen's School, Que.
"St. Andrews Review", St. Andrew's College, Ont.
"Stanstead College Mag", Stanstead, Que.
"Stonyhurst Magazine", Stonyhurst College, Eng.
"Taft Oracle", Roxbury Latin School.
"Technique", Technical Institute, Montreal.
"Tripod", Roxbury Latin School.
"Twig", University of Toronto School, Ont.
"Vox Lycei", Ottawa Collegiate Institute.

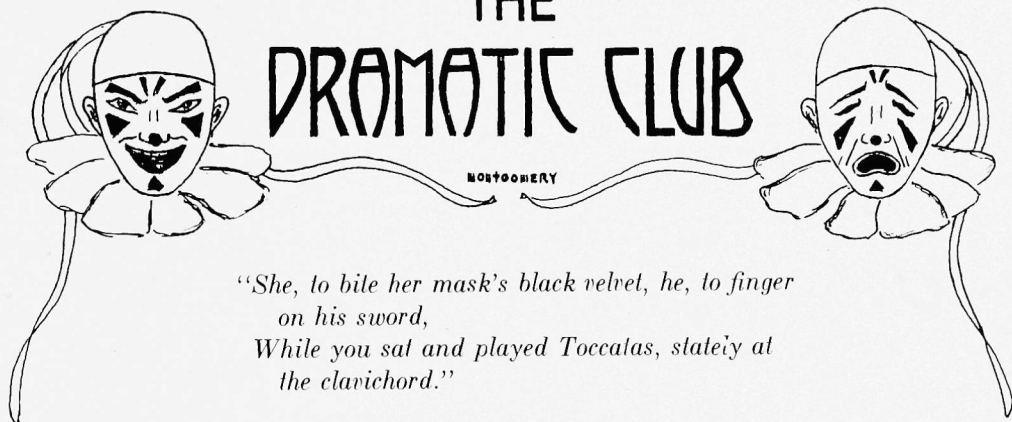
"Western Canada College Review", Ont.
 "Windsorian", King's College School, N.S.
 "Wolf Howl", Sudbury Tech., Ont.
 "The Collegiate", Sarnia, Ont.
 "The Branksome Slogan."
 Please send exchanges to Bishop's College **School**.

(By request)

The Argus.....Fills its purpose as a magazine of interest to Old Boys
 Blue and White.....Small but neat.
 Oakwood Oracle.....Well arranged with good headings.
 S.H.S.Good cuts.
 Saint Andrews College Review.....Good attention to all departments, especially athletics.
 Lower Canada College.....A very good all round magazine.
 Vox Lycei.....An excellent magazine in every way.
 The Milton Orange and Blue.....Consistently well written stories.
 The Tripod.....Many original departments and an increasing number of good stories.
 Hotchkiss Literary Monthly.....Our best literary exchange. Good photographs.
 The Anvil.....Your literary number a great success.
 The Choate News.....A well arranged paper faithfully recording the activities of what appears to be a very fine school.
 The Mitre.....Your recent issues especially good.
 The Stonyhurst Magazine.....One of our best English Exchanges.
 The Campbellian.....Well written accounts of Athletics.
 The Felstedian.....We very particularly enjoy your poetry.
 The Branksome Slogan.....Very "peppy"
 The Liverpool College Magazine.....Excellent accounts of all school activities.



THE DRAMATIC CLUB



*"She, to bite her mask's black velvet, he, to finger
on his sword,
While you sat and played Toccalas, state'y at
the clarichord."*

Concert Programme

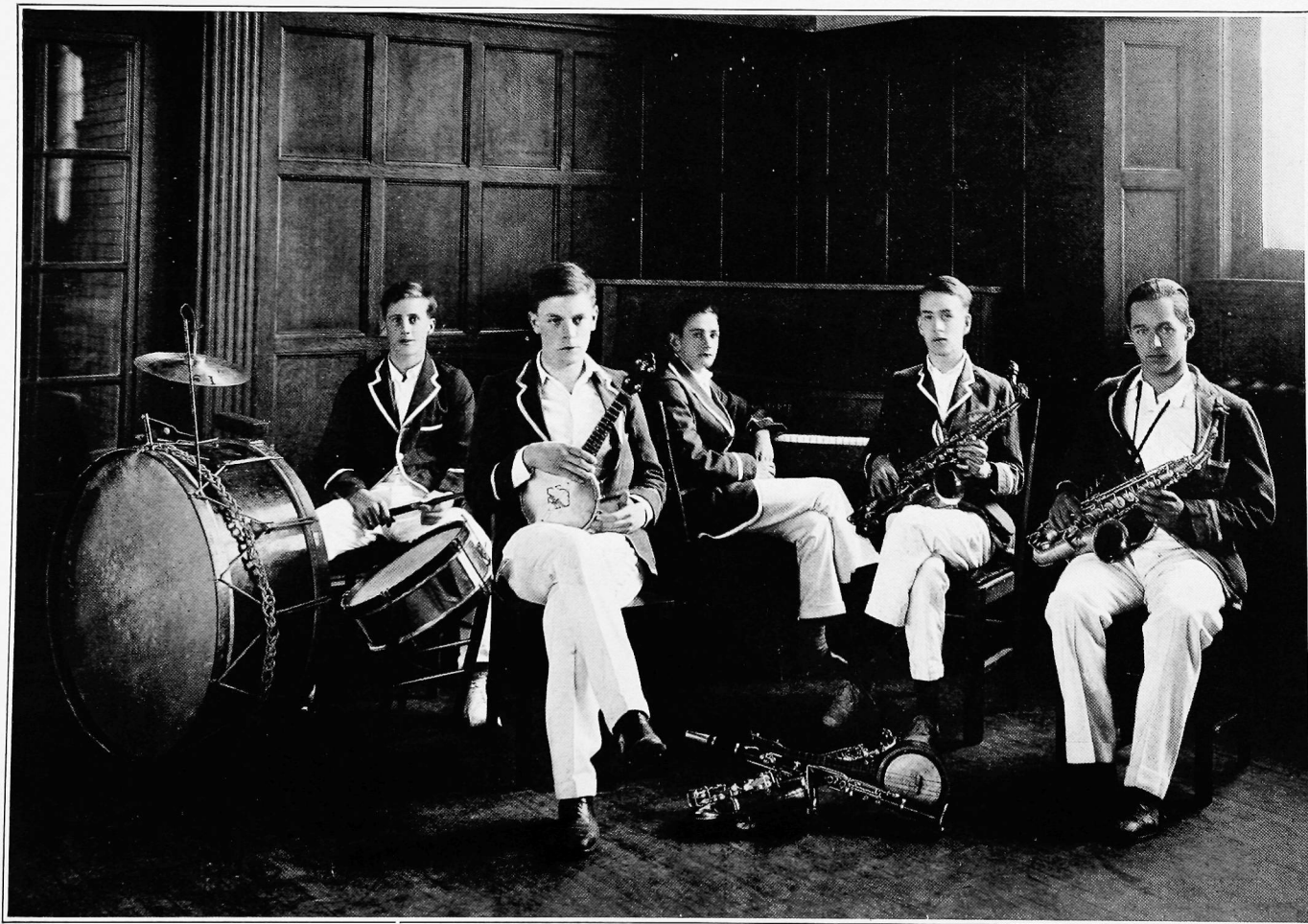
(1)—"The Maple Leaf"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	School
(2)—Pianoforte	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sharp
(3)—"At Tel-el-Kebir"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Young
(4)—Selection	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Orchestra
(5)—Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Davis II, Luther II, Patton III, Aitchison II, Harshaw
(6)—Skit	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Hall I, Aitchison I.
(7)—Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Monson
(8)—Old Time Melodies	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Orchestra
(9)—Cut	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Montgomery, Breakey I, MacDougall
(10)—	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sgt.-Maj. Fisher
(11)—Charleston	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Patton I, II, III.
(12)—Selection	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Orchestra

"GOD SAVE THE KING"

B. C. S. D. O. CONCERT

(1)—"The Maple Leaf"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	The School
(2)—Pianoforte	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sharp
(3)—	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Young
(4)—	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Howell
(5)—Selection	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Orchestra
(6)—Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	The Prep Dumbells
(7)—Charleston	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Patton I
(8)—Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Monson
(9)—Recitation	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Luther I
(10)—Skit	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Aitchison & Hall I
(11)—Selection	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Orchestra
(10)—B.C.S. Follies	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	New Boys
(13)—Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Montgomery Aitchison
(14)—Pianoforte—"Romance"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Neill II
(15)—Selection	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Orchestra

GOD SAVE THE KING



B. C. S. ORCHESTRA

R. G. AITCHISON (absent)

E. Sangster

G. E. Auld

A. Sharp

M. Boulton

W. MacNeill



Prep. Dramatic Society

Presents

"A SECRET OF THE UNDERWORLD"

Composed and presented by P. W. Davis & Co.

Characters:

Jack Manners.....	Davis II
Mrs. Manners.....	Clarke II
Detective Williard.....	Patton III
Detective Macvity.....	Cowans I
Detective Knight.....	Aitchison II
Butler.....	Luther II
And also "The Black Gang".....	Gurd, Dyer, Lorimer I, Sare.

Patton—Billy, as the detective from Scotland Yard did fine work. His good acting, and confident manner of speaking, helped to make the play a success.

P.W.D.

Aitchison II—Renee tied with Billy for best actor, his interest in everything, buying material for the play and other things earned for him the office of Vice-President.

Clarke II—"George" as Mrs. Manners looked and acted so well that most of the actors spare-time was taken up in kissing him. He made a perfect girl and acted the part splendidly.

P.W.D.

Cowans II—"Doug" acted as a detective and his good acting proved that he was worth his place.

P.R.A.

Luther II—"Gordie" acted as a butler most of the time and his wonderful acting really deserved a better part.

P.R.A.

Davis II—"Phil" acted the main part and his acting won for him the office of President; he also did much in coaching our plays.

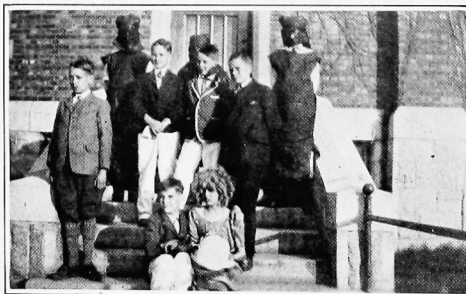
P.W.D.

The fellows in the "Black Gang" Gurd, Sare Dyer, Lorimer I added greatly to the play, their black cloaks and hoods looking very ghostly.

P.W.D.

We wish to thank Mr. Young for his help.

("We" were among the distinguished visitors present and were frankly surprised—apart from the wholesale slaughter—at the histrionic ability displayed.—Ed.)

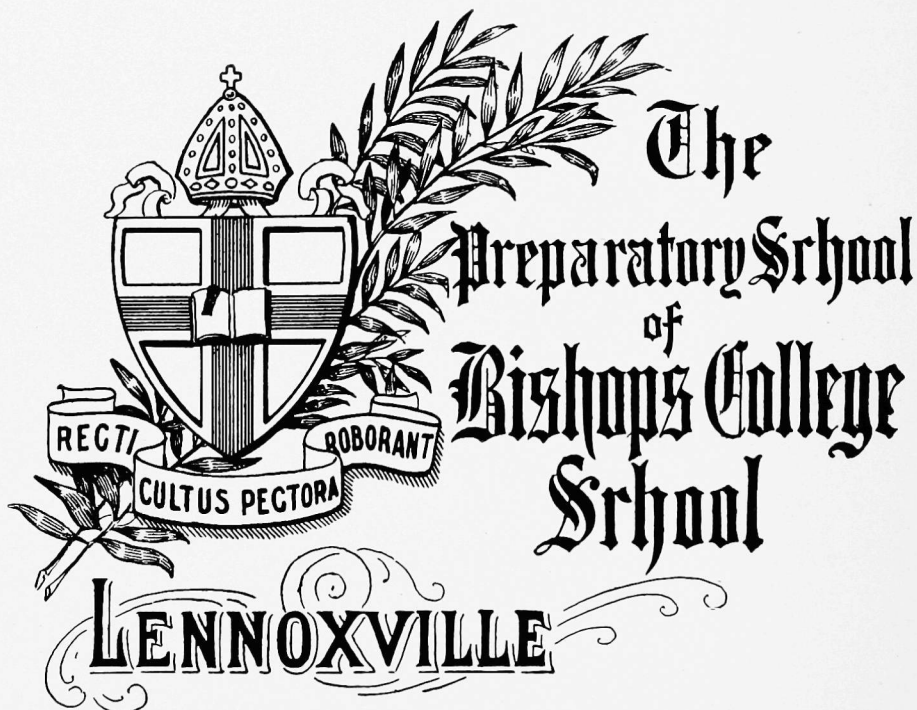


TO A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD

(With his first cricket set)

*Take these simple toys as token
Of the champions that have been,
Stalwart in defence unbroken,
Hefty hitters hitting clean,
And when capped in Life's Eleven
May you stand as staunch as they;
May you, little son of seven,
Play the game the English way!*

"Over the Grass."



SUMMER TERM

Returned after Easter Holidays on April 12th, midwinter conditions prevail, skating still quite good in our artistic rink, the latter a most undoubted success in every way, the Headmaster can be heartily congratulated on his architectural triumph.

On "Primrose Day" we had, at the request of a well-loved Old Boy, a slight relaxation from our arduous labours, and the sun kindly obliging for the first time for long enough, we celebrated by getting our bats, stumps, etc.

April 24th. The first real summer's day, and the last also for some time; the ice slipped quietly away down the St. Francis; we started cricket and were all cheerful, but alas, two days after the river, the grounds also were in flood. Let there be no thought of despondency in the above, for probably, of all the futilities of life, despondency, even when fanned by daily chill north-easters, is not for a moment to be excused; the cheerful outlook on life, in the midst of a real crisis, was exemplified by the people of dear old England in the recent general strike. It is said that the world is a looking-glass which gives back to you that which you present to it—how necessary therefore, to keep smiling, courtesy begets courtesy, kindness produces kindness, a smile is infectious and often dissipates gloom as the sun disperses the morning mist.

Shortly we shall all be going to our different lakeside and seaside resorts, for the long, but never too long summer holidays. All those leaving the Preparatory School for their "upward flight" in the Senior School, have our best wishes for sturdy wings to bear them steadily forward to successes in all departments of school life.

One might suggest as a piece of advice, that undoubtedly wise old saying: "Manners maketh the man", showing not only a knowledge of the world, but deep insight into human nature amongst the older of us, and to remind the younger that unfailing courtesy to one and all, and a smiling visage certainly ease the way through life, and only those who walk along these lines can thoroughly appreciate Shakespeare's aphorism—

"To thine own self be true
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

A. W.



PREP. HOCKEY TEAM

PREPARATORY HOCKEY

The new rink was much appreciated by the Prep. and the improvement in hockey can be attributed chiefly to the regular daily practice—a welcome departure from former years.

In all, about eighteen games were played, of which about half were won. The outstanding game of the season was against St. Pats Juveniles, in which the teams began the third period with no score, the game ending in their favour with a score of 3-1.

In our only game away, we were well beaten by Selwyn House in Montreal, the score being 4 to 0. We hope, however, to turn the tables next year, when they come to us. The Dormitory games were, perhaps, the most keenly contested of any, and after a series of six games, the Lower Flat held a lead of 2 points (Davis I Dormitory).

Ice sports were again held this year with 12 different events, which proved a great source of amusement.

Outstanding on the Prep. team this year was the goal-tending of Read, whose work in the nets has not even been approached in former years, and who should make his mark in senior teams in years to come.

The first team was made up as follows:—

Davis I (Capt.), Read, Luther II, Aitchison II, Porteous, Davis II, Cowans I and Harshaw as sub. There is no doubt that regular hockey at Prep. age is the best solution for future teams in the Upper School.

REMOVE NOTES

What would happen if:—

Aitchison stopped making funny faces.

Cowans I ran a mile.

Davis I, wasn't head prefect.

Lorimer I brushed his hair

Luther II didn't perch.

MacDougall III loved Latin

McGreevy changed his tie.

Patton III didn't blush

Porteous didn't have so many freckles.

R. Smith II got a licking.

Porteous' warcry:—

My Aunt, My Aunt, My only Aunt.

I never shall have another aunt,

Because I have run out of uncles.

Editor of London Press to gentleman:—"You say the King is mad today. Well, how do you know?

Gentleman:—"Well, you see, I knew that the Prime Minister was going to the Palace, and when he came out I heard him say to the taxi-driver 'King's Cross' and drove on."

A STUDY IN MOTORS

The DODGE Bros. were walking along LINCOLN avenue with Miss Lizzie FORD when they collided with Messrs. RENAULT and VOISIN, who were going to play cricket in a crease game with Messrs. ROLLS and ROYCE. The thirteen players were as follows:—

Wicket keeper.....	Mr. Rover
Bowler.....	Mr. Cadillac
Mid-on.....	Mr. Renault
Mid-off.....	Mr. Voisin
Square leg.....	Mr. Rolls
Point.....	Mr. Royce
Long stop.....	Mr. W. St. Claire
Long field.....	Mr. Marmon
Cover-point.....	Mr. Essex
Slips.....	Mr. Packard
Silly point.....	Mr. Singer
Batters.....	Mr. Moon and Mr. Sunbeam

What is the difference between a flapper and a soldier?

One powders the face and the other faces the powder.

What is the difference between a nice girl and a dog on ice?

They are both doggone nice.

Little Jackie said:—"By gosh
Mother says I've got to wash,
Little does Mum know, by heck
That I hate water on my neck;
When I grow up, by gum, I hope
I meet the guy who first made soap."

IIA NOTES

TIGER

I have a young brother called Tiger
Who walks with a bit of a swagger,
He tripped on a nail,
And sat on his tail,
And now he's a little bit wiser.

H. B.

WILKIE

We have a dear master named "Wilkie"
Whose tones are exceedingly silky,
Unless it occurred
From the straight path you'd erred
Then the cane would descend with A. Wilkie.

H. B.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Why is a dead hen better than a live one?

Because it will lay wherever you put it.

What is the difference between a bowler and a batter?

Twenty-two yards.

Foreman—(to man on the top of a building)—“Come down!”

Man—“I can't.”

Foreman:—“Come down the way you went up.

Man:—“Faith, I wont. I went up head first.”

We are the good Form 11A

And everyone will say,

We're hard to lick

And you cannot stick

Us on any kind of a day.

Why is a dog like a cat?

There's a “b” in both.

Motorist (to grocer—“About how long will it take to get to Dudville?

Grocer:—“Well, it may take a day, it may take a month, or even

Motorist—“What! a month! how's that?

Grocer:—“Well, you're going the wrong way.

Lady, walking along a road meets a tramp, says:—“What is it you've got written on that card around your neck?”

Tramp:—“I'm deaf and dumb. Spare a poor man a copper.”

A is for Andy, a fine young, old man;

B is for Boswell who does what he can;

C is for Clarke, a lop-eared old nut;

C also for Cowans who walks with a strut.

D is for Davis, as wild as you make 'em;

D too is for Dyer, who sure can eat bacon;

G is for Gurd, a red-haired old bun,

H is for Hubbard, who's always for fun;

M for MacKinnon whose deeds can't be told

M for McClure who's big, brave and bold;

R is for Read who is hefty, you bet,

R is for Richardson, whom you must have met

S is for Sare a very good guy,

And now we all wish you a hearty good-bye.

F. Dale
A. LOrimer
LutheR III
G. DruMond

J. CoThran
H. E. P. Wilson
D. G. COchrane

A. Boswell
Very C. Harshaw
Good D. Clarke
Form W. McCaffrey

The Scholar

There was a jolly old scholar,
Who found a dirty old dollar;
He went to the Fair and bought him a bear,
Which bit him and caused him to holler.

Britain was Hungary; she was eating Turkey dipped in Greece.



CRICKET NOTES — 1926

Owing to the late season, cricket only is just getting under way. After practising at the nets for the last three weeks, when weather allowed, we began the first of the series of Dormitory games yesterday (May 17th), between the Upper Flat and "A" Dormitory. The former won the toss and took the field. By the time stumps were drawn, "A" had 82 runs for 5 wickets to their credit, of which Patton III and Aitchison II scored 38 and 23 respectively.

We hope to play our first match on May 22nd against the "Old Boys."



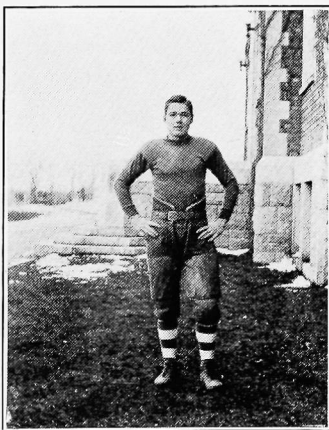
PREP. CRICKET TEAM

SWIMMING

On the fifth of June the B.C.S. swimming races were held in the Massawippi river. Owing to the intensely cold water and rather strong current the races were held under difficulties for the swimmers but some of the races were done in good time especially the senior fifty yard dash.

The results were:

Senior fifty yards.....	Patton I.....	1st
	Oland.....	2nd
	Baker.....	3rd
Senior 100 yards.....	Drury I.....	1st
	Patton I.....	2nd
	Baker.....	3rd
Junior 50 yards.....	Blaylock.....	1st
	Drury II.....	2nd
Junior 100 yards.....	Blaylock.....	1st
	Kenny.....	2nd



"AITCHIE"
Chief of the Orchestra

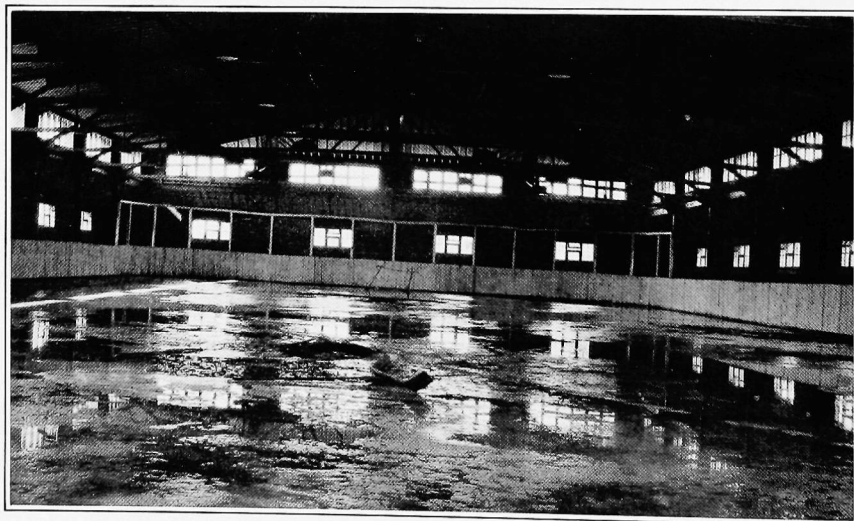
SCHOOL NOTES

THE MODERN LANGUAGE SOCIETY

This Society was started early in the Term. The Spanish class consists of about nine members and the German class has between twenty and thirty members. The Spanish Class meets on Monday and the German on Wednesday evening after Preparation.



NEW RINK IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION



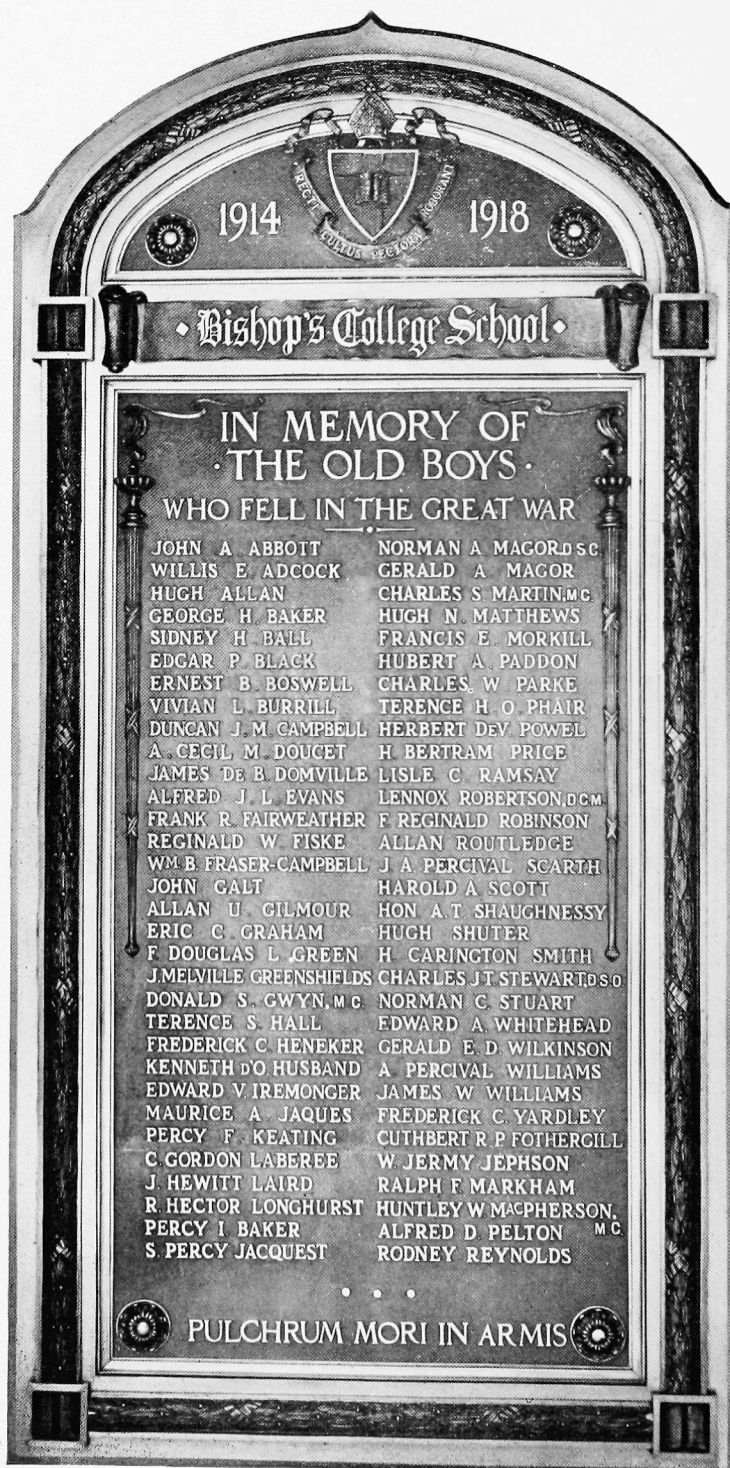
INTERIOR OF NEW RINK

HANDS

Hands! Steady Hands!

*When your reins seem useless bands,
With a mad brute going faster
And a toss-up which is master,
You may still avoid disaster
If Providence has given to you Hands*

"Over the Grass."



We felt a very personal loss in the passing of Mr. Montizambert. We put it on record that we personally, and the School, in general, owed much to his influence here for many years. His work is of too recent a date and too well known to many generations of B.C.S. boys to call for further appreciation here. We extend our sincerest sympathy to Mrs. Montizambert and her family. The following is taken from "The Gazette."

J. R. MONTIZAMBERT DEAD

Was Former Housemaster at Bishop's College School

Those who were connected with Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, during the years from 1910 to 1922, as well as a large circle of friends in Montreal, where he was a member of the University Club, learned with regret of the death in Toronto, in his seventieth year, after a long illness, of J. Ramsey Montizambert. A member of an old Quebec family, Mr. Montizambert received his education at Lennoxville, where he passed through the school before going to Bishop's College. Before returning to his old school as housemaster, Mr. Montizambert had for many years taught at Trinity College School, Port Hope, and at Ashbury College, Ottawa, besides holding an important educational position in New York.

As a schoolmaster Mr. Montizambert was known as a very successful teacher and a stern disciplinarian. A specialist in mathematics, he was a man of an encyclopaedic mind, and could converse freely on most subjects. He leaves a widow, five sons and one daughter.

Old Boys Notes

Lieut.-General Sir Louis Bols has settled down in Devonshire, England. He met another old boy Major General Sir William Heneker, who commands the 3rd Division in tactical exercise near Bath. They were commanding opposing sides.

"Gordie" Reid spent Xmas and the New Year in Switzerland where he played hockey. He also played in Paris—Charlie Price being on the same team—where they beat Belgium and Switzerland but lost out in the finals to France.

"Happy" Mackay is still preparing for Oxford; on closer acquaintance it doesn't seem to have the same attraction for him. However, a trip to Paris and Switzerland seems to work wonders.

Robert Mackay is also preparing for Oxford, and he and "Happy" live together. Our magazine from the 'land of barbarians' seems to be a welcome event.

Jack Parsons is not going to Europe; instead he is building a cottage for himself, of which we have seen the plans. Something doing—Eh, Jack!

Pemberton Smith, 1882-1887 has promised, some day, to write a brief account of doings at B.C.S. when he was here.

Harry Foster, who left B.C.S. in '21 has received a commission in the L.S.H. and is stationed at Calgary.

W. ("Paul") Revere was in the "Hotel Vancouver" on the Food control when we last heard from him.

H. B. Chauvin, "Bun" visited the school on June 3rd.

Harry King is working for Price Bros. at Chicoutimi.

Harcourt (Rusty) Powel, (1906-1912) on January 16th, was present at the marriage of Miss Vera Hale in Sherbrooke. In the evening he visited the School. Though Powel and Forbes (Povey) Hale live in places far apart, they are still as close friends as they were when at School. "Rusty" is Assistant to the President of the Laurentide Company.

Col. George R. Hooper has presented the following books to the Library:—The Travels of Mungo Park; Trotter's Life of Warren Hastings; and five volumes of R. L. Stevenson, viz: The Black Arrow, Treasure Island, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Travels with a Donkey, Kidnapped, and Virginibus Puerisque.

Preston Watters ('23-'25) played on the Freshman hockey team at Williams College.

Percy Douglas (1916-1920), who writes from the Alpha Delta Phi Club, 136 West 44th Street, New York, is Assistant Superintendent of Inspection of the New York zone of the Otis Elevator Co.

Herbert McGreevy (1892-3) spent St. Valentine's day at the School.

Jack Hall (1909-10) signed the Visitor's Book on March 4th.

Basil Lewis (1913-16) is demonstrating to the medical profession throughout Canada the use of a new device of the Northern Electric Company for examining the heart.



B. Smith	Parker		Petry	Paterson	
	Wonham	Frith	Baker	S. Fairweather	Hamilton
			Robinson	Kaulbach (Capt.)	G. Smith



C. F. SIZE

President of the Bell Telephone
Company of Canada.

Courtesy Montreal Daily Star

Kingdon Black (1917-21), having graduated at the R.M.C. is now engaged in New York in the erection of the world's highest building.

Our thanks are due to F. E. Meredith (1873-74) for a cricket bat to be awarded to the boy who has the highest average; to Hartland MacDougall (1889-94) and Robert MacDougall (1887-93) for a silver medal for the 220 yards race; and to W. R. MacMaster for a cup for the Open 100 yards.

The University of Bishop's College has elected F. E. Meredith, K.C., Chancellor, thus conferring on him the greatest honour which it is within their power to bestow. From *The Times* (London, England)—

"Doughy" is at present residing in Yarmouth, and is coming along at a great speed on a coal waggon).

G. Napier. The last we heard of "Gordie" was that he was playing a sterling game of basketball for the M.A.A.A. Intermediates.

Wm. Bradshaw, '07-'08, is manager of the Bank of Montreal in Sutton, Quebec.

"Fate" Dale. Fate starred in hockey for the O'Sullivan Business College. While he worked for them and is now inspector for the Retail Credit Company.

"Mike" Harrison, 1916-20. "Little Mike," the famous quarter for the C.M.R. champions whose picture appeared in the "Star", will to all appearances play in Senior ranks next fall.

B. W. MacLaren—"Brock", besides looking industrious playing a "jolly ripping game" for the McGill second cricket eleven.

A. K. Glassford. "Bunnie" was a keen member of the McGill Rowing Club all year and is now in training out on the Lake Shore. He is hoping to enter his third year, which he can do easily.

H. Holland. "Harry" was studying at Morphett's in preparation for McGill next year. It is rumoured that he is doing his stuff with the big lumber-jacks with the Laurentide Company in the bush.

Terry Mitchell, 1916-19, is getting along well at the St. Lawrence Pulp and Paper Company at St. Paulin, Que.

B. K. Boulton, 1916-19, is an electrical engineer in the Duke-Price Power Company.

J. D. Barry. "Dane" is making great progress in the Insurance business in Dover, England, and is being transferred to the Head Office in London. Our famous boxer from B.C.S., who has always experienced the fruits of victory we fear shall sooner or later bow down to the fair sex. Hats off to Davie and we are all expecting an invitation to the wedding.

R. P. Blinco. "Joe Mouse" did almost the impossible this year by making a place on the senior hockey Squad, but unfortunately for McGill will be unable to continue playing. In a year or two, however, he ought to be back again, showing 'em how to play hockey in the Senior league. He is at present studying at Mr. Morphett's.

J. P. Casgrain, "Johnnie" is entering his senior year at McGill and is expected to come through with flying colours.

W. R. MacMaster, "Pinkie" filled the important position of treasurer for his class and played inter-class hockey as a side issue, being busy as he was with many affairs of state. If he isn't married by next fall his red hair ought to be seen decorating the Football gridiron with honour.

A. C. Abbot, "Art" figured prominently in college activities this year, being a member of the tennis team, and in the following term he rose to the exalted position of Captain of the senior hockey squad, in which responsibility he shone in the greater qualities of gameness, pluck and determination.

H. W. Davis. "Bug" certainly did his stuff on the gymnastic team and in the inter collegiate meet showed that he hasn't lost any of his old-time skill on the apparatus and then some.

E. J. Sommer, the future criminal lawyer is still on the job; he disappeared for some time entirely, and there were dark hints he was being held a witness on the customs probe.

"Red" McCrea is working with the McCrea, Wally Brick Factory Co.

Peter. "Pete" drove up from New York and visited us, with "Bobby" McCrea on the week-end of May 29th.

L. M. Smith. "Dank" and "Pinkie" McMaster drove from Montreal to pay the school a visit for the week-end on May 21st.

"Joe" Beresford is working with J. P. Day and Co., New York. We hear he is engaged to be married. Pay us a visit first Joe? Eh!

Pete is working on the Stock Exchange with Hayden Stone and Co., New York.

We hear that Cyril Bignell, Quebec, is to be married.

Crystie L. Douglas, Lieutenant Governors Medal, B.C.S., '18—U.S.N.—A. B. Columbia University '23, awarded his Architectural Degree, Columbia, '25. Is now travelling in Europe, and on his return in the spring will practice his profession in New York City.

Percy L. Douglas, Governor General's Medal, Greenshield Scholarship, B.C.S., 20—B.S. from McGill, '24, is with the Otis Elevator Company, New York, and this winter with them in Hartford, Conn.

Charlie Pigot (1916-19) has passed his final exams in Civil Engineering at McGill. Frederick C. Salter (1917-18) was placed third in the list recently issued of successful candidates for the degree of B.Sc. in Civil Engineering at McGill.

John Porteous of Quebec, works with Price Bros.

S. H. R. Fawcett, L. A. Fawcett, and B. H. Fawcett, were in Adelboden, Switzerland, during the Christmas holidays and played on the Adelboden Ice Hockey team against Berne.

C. H. Pozer is now with the Southern Ry., Washington, D.C.

William S. Russel is working for St. Regis pulp and Paper Co., at Godbout on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River.

James G. Russel is working for James Richardson Co. Ltd., Matane, P.Q.

Norman Duggan is working for the Maurice Power Co. Ltd. Incidentally he is trying to raise a growth on his upper lip.

V. W. Harcourt is at the University of Pennsylvania, and we hear from Mosely that he has passed all his exams with flying colours. "Wilt" is very much missed at McGill.

Art. Abbot, made a particularly good showing in the International Intercollegiate games at Christmas.

Joe Blinco turned out for hockey at McGill this year, and was included on the squad that toured the States at Christmas.



WEDDINGS

(Extract from Montreal Daily Star, Jan. 20th)

In the Church of the Messiah, at half-past four o'clock this afternoon, the marriage is taking place quietly of Sybil, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James M. Robertson,

to Mr. F. Curzon Dobell, son of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Dobell, of Quebec. The bride will be given away by her brother, Mr. Hilary Robertson. Mrs. Sydney Dobell will be matron of honor, and Miss Benedicta Caverhill, niece of the bride, and Miss Beatrice Stewart, bridesmaids. Mr. Sydney Dobell will act as best man for his brother, and the ushers will be Mr. Erskine Buchanan, Mr. Linton Ballantyne, and Mr. E. A. D. Tremain, of Montreal, and Mr. F. J. Ross, of Quebec. Following the ceremony, a reception will be held at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Thomas Caverhill, 48 Westmount boulevard.

F. Curzon Dobell is a B.C.S. Old Boy.

At the marriage of Miss Doris Anne Minty, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Minty, Grosvenor Avenue, to Mr. Herbert Everett Dwyer, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert D. Dwyer, Roslyn Avenue, which is taking place on Wednesday evening, June 2n, at St. Andrews' Church, Westmount, at seven o'clock, the bride will be attended by Mrs. Lovel Jaques as matron of honor, and four bridesmaids, the Misses Madge and Dorothy Dwyer, sisters of the bridegroom, Mrs. R. S. Minty, and Miss Adele Saunders, of Ottawa. Mr. Lovel Jaques will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Jack Dawson, Mr. Clifford Eakin, Mr. R. S. Minty and Mr. Arthur B. Darling. The Rev. Dr. W. J. Clark will officiate.

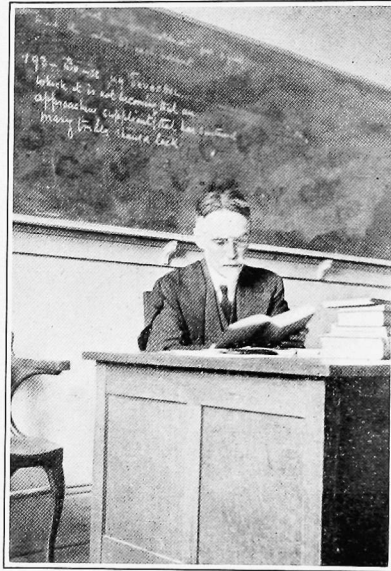
PRICE-SCOTT

On Wednesday, the ninth of June at Chaudiere Church, Charney, there took place the wedding of Ethel Murray, daughter of the late Col. J. A. Scott and Mrs. Scott, of Breakeyville, to Mr. Arthur Clifford Price, son of the late Sir William and Lady Price of Quebec. Miss Willa Price and Miss Mary Scott acted as bridesmaids and Mr. Carl Faulkenburg as best man. Following the ceremony, a reception was held at Breakeyville.

Mr. A. C. Price is an Old Boy of B.C.S. as are his several brothers and his father, the late Sir William Price. The bride's two brothers, the late H. A. Scott and Jack Scott and her father the late Col. Scott were educated at B.C.S. Mr. Carl Faulkenburg is also an Old Boy.



OBITUARY

**HENRY JAMES HAMILTON PETRY, M.A., D.C.L.**

It came as a distinct shock to all his old friends and admirers, the number was legion, to hear of the passing on the 13th of March, of Dr. Petry. He had apparently been in better health during the past few years and there was no indication of impending death.

Dr. Petry was born at the City of Quebec on the 13th September, 1861, the son of the Rev. Henry Petry, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford, and the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec. He entered Bishop's College School in 1874 where he excelled both in Sports and in Studies, winning the Governor General's Medal in his final year, 1880. From there he went to the University of Bishop's College, from which he graduated with the degree of M.A. Subsequently the College conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L. in recognition of his services to education.

He returned to the school as a Master in 1883, became House Master in 1886 and Headmaster in 1892 which position he retained until 1903. The strain upon his health had been so great that he felt obliged to resign to take up less onerous duties at Trinity College School, Port Hope, where he remained, until his death.

Dr. Petry's long connection with the School, as a boy for six years, Assistant Master for nine years, and Headmaster for eleven years made him intimately known, possibly more than any other, to many generations of scholars. Few indeed have not appreciated in later years the effects of his teaching and good influence. Though a strict disciplinarian, his kindly nature was always apparent. No boy ever felt that he had been unjustly treated.

It was my privilege during the past few years to have seen Dr. Petry on his occasional visits to Quebec. His old love for the school, and the beautiful countryside, as he expressed it, never diminished. He was keenly interested in all that had taken place.

The following quotation from an appreciation by Archdeacon Scott, clearly expresses the value to the community of a man of Dr. Petry's character:—

"To those who were privileged to enjoy his friendship, and there are hundreds of them in Canada, 'HARRY' Petry was a man of sterling qualities, wide interests and true loyalty. In a world where material things often crowd out the care for the ideals of life, he was singularly unworldly. While those who passed out of his hands into the wider fields of manhood's responsibilities, made their mark in the business and professional spheres, he was content to go on year by year training the minds and characters of those, who in turn, should go forth to take their place in the active duties of their various callings. Each generation of pupils found in Dr. Petry a kind and sympathetic, and what is more, an understanding friend, for Dr. Petry was at heart a boy to the last.

"Lives such as his, and work such as his, are rarer in Canada than the the Old Country. Yet there is perhaps a greater need for them here where the splendid force of tradition and ideals is often weakened by the rush and rough and ready methods which too much hold sway on a somewhat crude and fast developing new land. Many are the young men in Canada who will look back with thankfulness to the influence brought to bear upon them in an impressionable age by the kind and sympathetic friend and instructor who wanted from all his boys ever the best things.

"Dr. Petry's example and self consecration to his work will go a long way to open the eyes of Canadians to the high place which education ought to hold in the estimation of all who want our country to take her proper place in the world."

May many others follow in his footsteps.

The life of the present generation does not, unfortunately, tend to self-abnegation and devotion to duty, such as his.

H. S. McG.

From "Sherbrooke Record"

MANY PAY LAST TRIBUTE TO MR. N. E. BROOKS

A large number of friends and relatives, representing business and professional men of all walks of life, were present to pay their last tribute of respect at the funeral of the late Mr. Noel Edgell Brooks, which was held on Friday afternoon from his late residence "Mountfield", Queen Street, to St. Peter's Church and thence to Elmwood cemetery, where interment took place.

Mr. Brooks, who was born in 1865, the son of the late Judge Edward T. Brooks, and Mrs. Brooks, received his early education at the Lennoxville School. Early in life, owing to poor health, he went to Mexico, and shortly after his return accepted a position with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and superintended the building of the line from Sherbrooke to Magog. Later he was transferred to the west as Divisional Engineer with headquarters at Calgary.

MORRIS HOLT

We who knew and loved and admired Morris Holt here were shocked to hear of his early death. Our sincerest sympathy go to his family.

The following is taken from the "McGill Daily."

In the death of Charles Morris Holt, which occurred during the past week, the University lost a most popular and promising student. The deceased was in second year Arts and was intending to go on into Law, and his sudden and unexpected death came as a severe blow to his many friends at the University.

Charles Morris Holt was born in Montreal in the year 1907. He obtained his preliminary education at Selwyn House School, and later attended Bishop's College School, Lennoxville. While at school he took a great interest in athletics, and was actively engaged in the general activities of the school.

He was an excellent and industrious student, and on graduating into McGill won the Greenshields' Scholarship, entitling him to three years' education at McGill.

During his brief stay at College he made many firm friends, and his quiet and courteous manner won praise from all who knew him.

The staff of the "Daily," on which he worked hard and faithfully at all times, wish to extend their sincere consolation and sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Holt on their sad bereavement.—McGill Daily.

DEATH OF BISHOP INGHAM

Bishop Ernest Graham Ingham, D.D., vicar of St. Jude's, Southsea, whose death is announced, was born in 1851, son of the late Mr. H. S. Ingham, Speaker of the House of Assembly, Bermuda. He was educated at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Canada, and Oriel College, Oxford. On February 24, 1883, in his 32nd year, he was consecrated Bishop of Sierra Leone, and remained in that diocese until 1897, when he returned to England and was presented to the living of Stoke-next-Guildford, and appointed Rural Dean of Guildford. From 1904 until 1912 he shared the Home Secretaryship of the Church Missionary Society with Dr. Herbert Lankester, who retired at the end of 1925 from the general secretary of the Society. Bishops Ingham's part was mainly that of speaker in all parts of the country on the activities of the society, in which work his genial personality stood him in good stead.

From the Montreal Star, May 3, 1926.

Brilliant Young Student is dead.

Frederick L. Finley, who died at Princeton on Friday last, was a young Canadian of outstanding ability and remarkable promise. When the Great War broke out he was at school at Lennoxville, but in the spring of 1917 he left school and enlisted in the Canadian Heavy Artillery and fought through the remainder of the war. Upon demobilization he pursued his courses of study at McGill with distinction, and graduated with the degree

of Bachelor of Applied Science, having followed a course of study in Geology. After taking his Master's degree he was awarded a Fellowship at Princeton University, where he continued his studies with a view to proceeding to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. His loss will be mourned by a very large circle of friends in Montreal and throughout the Dominion.

COL. J. A. SCOTT

(Extract from Quebec Chronicle Telegraph)

It is with great regret we record the death of Colonel James A. Scott, of Quebec, who passed away on February 14th, after a month's lingering illness.

The late Mr. Scott was educated at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, where he was popularly known as "Chicoutimi Jimmy."

From boyhood days Mr. Scott always took a deep interest in all kinds of athletics, especially in football and hockey; in later years he became a very keen fisherman.

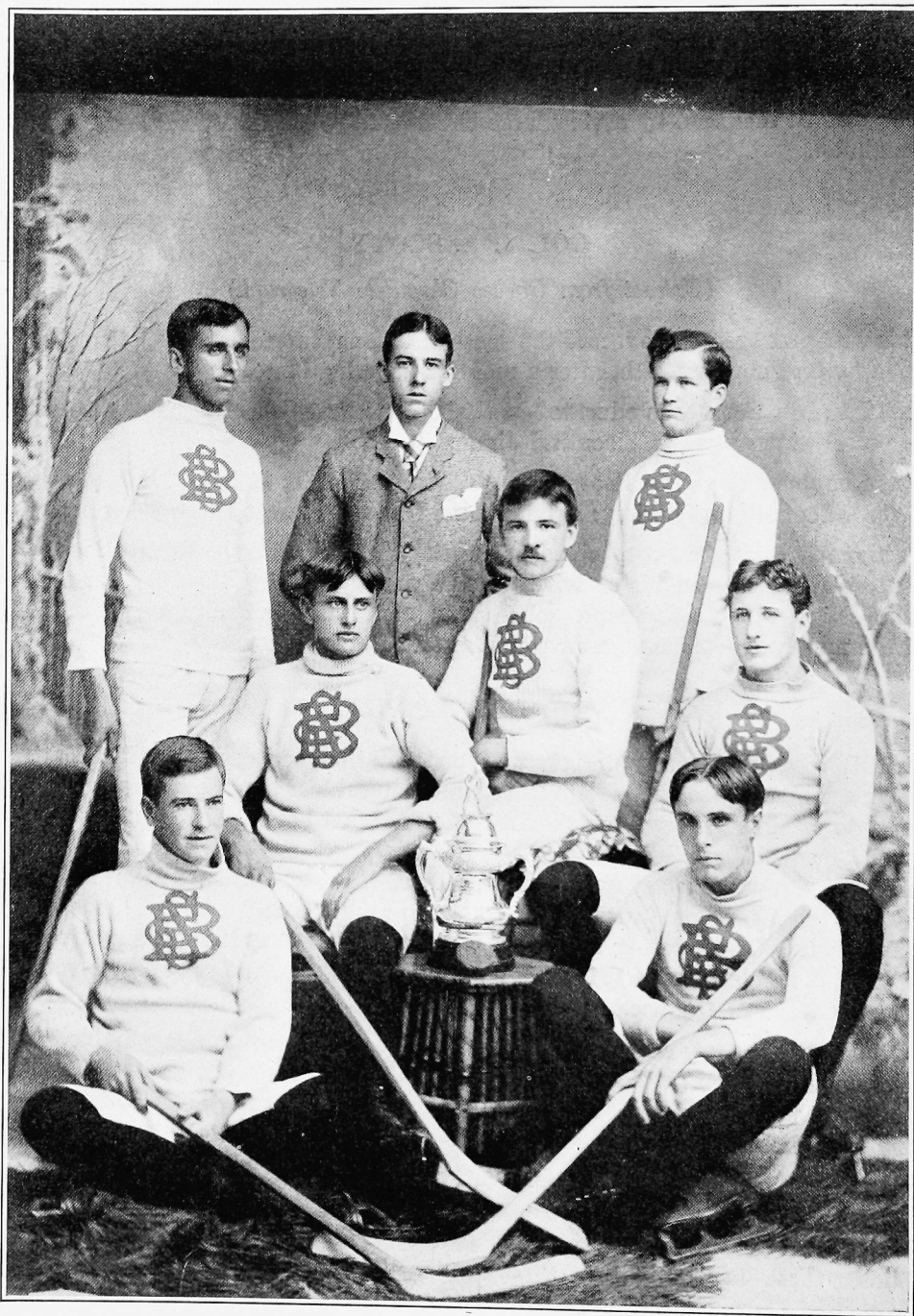
In his early days Mr. Scott joined the 8th Royal Rifles, now the Royal Rifles of Canada, but soon transferred his activities to the cavalry, joining the 10th Queen's Own Canadian Hussars as a trooper and going through all ranks he finally retired in 1911, as one of the most popular commanding officers of that corps.

WOUNDED AT VIMY

In 1916 Mr. Scott's sense of duty was so strong that he joined the 171st Battalion, C.E.F., raised by the late Sir William Price, and though older than the majority of officers went over to England and was one of the first officers of that battalion to get over to France having obtained his captaincy in the 87th Battalion, C.E.F., in which battalion he was recognized as a very efficient and popular officer. He was always known as "Daddy Scott." At the attack on Vimy he was seriously wounded and returned home with the rank of Major. On his return Mr. Scott was invited to run as the Conservative candidate in the federal elections of 1917, as a mark of high esteem, and regard by a very large number of citizens of Quebec.

In private life the late Mr. Scott was very popular, generous and hospitable. A few years ago he was elected President of the Quebec Garrison Club. The warm hospitality he extended to his many friends and acquaintances at his summer home at Breakeyville will long be remembered.

Twenty-eight years ago, the late Col. Scott married Miss Ethel Breakey, the daughter of the late Mr. John Breakey, of Quebec, and of Ste. Helene de Breakeyville. Mrs. Scott shared with her husband the affection and esteem of a large circle of friends. Of their four children three survive, the Misses Ray and Mary Scott and Mr. Jack Scott. Their eldest son, Mr. Harold Scott, went overseas shortly after his father's return, and was killed at Mons on the 9th of November, just two days previous to the Armistice. Both the late H. A. Scott and Mr. Jack Scott are Old Boys.



H. Hutchinson (Forward)	A. H. Rowley, Esq.	C. G. Gilmonr
F. White (Forward)	Stanley Willett (C. Point)	C. F. Rothera (Goal)
	H. S. McGreevy, absent (Point)	F. T. Hilyard (Forward)
		Paul Size (Forward)

HANDS

Light hands that with Life's tasks but lightly played,
Fine hands that precious things have finely made,
Rough hands that wrought with stolid sturdiness,
Smooth hands that sought to soothe with soft caress.

Weak fretful hands that fumble fruitlessly;
Worn weary hands that wither worthily;
Hands loved and lost throughout the fleeting years,
Dead hands recalled in bitter blinding tears.

Warm hands that clasped, cold hands that thrust aside.
Hands that achieved, and hands that scarce had tried,
Hands that are gone, and those that still abide,
All faulty human hands, let none their faults deride.

. . . . Austin



LADDIE

O Laddie mine, this bitter cup
Doth all my sorrows crown,
For I, alas, must give you up
Before you let me down.

Of late, in pained solicitude
That all my courage steals,
I've noticed that your attitude
Unsteadiness reveals.

I picture what my fate would be,
And all that would ensue,
If you should prove untrue to me
And I should fall with you.

O sad the day, and very sad,
Nor could a day be sadder,
The day you'd let me down my lad,
My shifty lad—My Ladder.

. . . . Austin

(These poems were procured by stealth from Somebody to whom an Old Boy had lent them)

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| "Joe" Blinco | "Vassie" Bancroft |
| "Dave" Barry | |



UNCERTAINTY

By A. Breakey (Sixth Form)

Despite its many boasts of a perfect climate, the little resort in southern California was going through a spell of very uncomfortable weather. The sand scorched on the beach, heat rays danced on the pavements and bush fires swept the mountains. My vacation was turning to a hardship and in desperation I spent most of my mornings in the sea. Time passed slowly and one afternoon I at last gave in to a foolish impulse to endure the merciless glare and take a walk high into the foothills overlooking the town.

From the Old Mission, drowsing in the sunshine, a wide asphalt highway wound steadily up the Riviera. The ascent was steep but I trudged on with determination, unconscious of fatigue until, on the edge of a precipice, the road swung out in a great curve, high above the town. Below me the land sloped sharply downwards, dotted with bungalows, until it reached the cluster of houses that comprised the little resort. Here and there a spot of colour indicated a brilliant garden, or a patch of green, a spacious lawn. In a perfect arc the beach stretched out till it was lost in haze and beyond and above was a curtain of azure! I have read of the Bay of Naples and dreamed of Rio de Janeiro but at the moment this seemed the very apex of natural beauty. The white stucco of the houses, the brilliance of the gardens and the limitless expanse of sea and sky formed a picture that was to remain in my mind always.

Anxious to obtain a still better view I left the highway for a dirt road leading almost directly up the side of the hill and slowly started my climb. The heat was terrific and gradually depressing thoughts found their way into my mind. Something in the beauty I had seen left me breathless with wonder and it suddenly occurred to me that the life I had led was worthless and futile. The son of a wealthy Canadian business man I had been brought up surrounded by the hard reality of business life; the pursuit of the Almighty Dollar, my father's God, and the money-bought luxuries of the twentieth century. Romance, adventure and imagination had been unknown to my way of life and so I passed from boyhood to manhood ignorant of these things. This trip to California, my first real vacation, had caused a subtle change in my way of thinking. I became disgusted with the world of money I had abandoned for so short a time and tried to satisfy my unquenchable thirst for the beautiful.

Almost unconsciously I had walked a considerable distance and, very tired, was looking for a shady spot to rest when the gaily painted signboard of a little tea house caught my eye. As I went up the narrow path leading to it the perfume of innumerable wild flowers, growing in confusion about the cottage filled the air, and I sat down at one of the tiny tables on the porch, delighted with my discovery. The owner, a middle aged man in a white apron greeted me pleasantly and seemed quite surprised at seeing a customer during such weather.

With my tea before me and a cigarette in my hand I was able to take in once more the beauty of the view which was even finer than that from the highway. As my eyes strayed casually over the road I was rather annoyed at noticing a figure, dressed wholly in white, walking in great strides up the slope. I had hoped to be quite alone with my

thoughts in this delightful spot. At first sight I was certain the stranger was a woman but as it approached I noticed the face was almost bronze in colour and the chin was pointed with a jet black beard. My deception had arisen from the strange garments the man wore; a large turban and long white flowing robes which contrasted strangely with the darkness of his face. Something sinister in his appearance filled me with a childish foreboding of mystery as he strode up the little path, his long robe brushing the flowers. The stranger was certainly an Indian, quite out of place in California, and his stately bearing and regal countenance put me in mind of some powerful prince. The whole incident seemed ridiculously theatrical; the native costume, the foreign face and the determined stride with which he had climbed the hill and turned to enter the tea house. In two more steps he had crossed the porch and reached my table, sitting down without a word. Enter the villain!

Amazed and amused at the same time I waited for an explanation that was not forthcoming. With his long hands lightly placed on the table he thrust his head forward and stared at me with the most piercing eyes I have ever seen. Slowly, as if weighing each word, he addressed me in perfect English:

"You are Mr. Menton, the grandson of Theodore Menton."

I regarded him stupefied, wondering at the tone of certainty in which he made the statement, with a nod I assented. Once more the stranger spoke with his eyes intent upon me:

"At present you are spending a holiday here prior to entering your father's business in Montreal where were born and have since lived."

Again I nodded and the man continued: "There is no need for you to verify anything further I may say—my knowledge of your family is greater than your own. You have no doubt been told that shortly before your father's birth, your grandfather visited India in company with two friends with whom he was making a tour. During the year he spent in that country little is known of his actions. It appears, however, that he spent much of his time seeking adventure and it was this pursuit that led to the incident I shall now relate.

Shortly before his departure from India he was interested in a rumor, current at that time, which told of a marvellous treasure guarded by a small number of priests in a native temple. Many and varied reports existed as to its exact nature, but the majority agreed that it was a huge diamond of immense value which served as the sacred emblem of a small body of worshippers. It will suffice to say that your grandfather, vastly excited, and with the object in view of securing this diamond, finally succeeded in gathering together a band of natives and Englishmen for the task. He set out from the town where he was staying accompanied by these men, and started his journey into one of the most uncivilized portions of India. After that time his movements were unknown to the public, and it was not until three months had passed that Theodore Menton, disguised as a native and at the point of starvation, found his way back to civilization, a changed man. He refused to answer questions as to the fate of his companions and, appearing to be in deadly fear of some invisible force pursuing him, sailed immediately for home. Two days after arriving in America he died of heart attack in his New York hotel.

Although you have probably never heard a word of this mysterious adventure, it existed nevertheless, and, as you shall see, very nearly cost you your life. Although Theodore Menton, to all outward appearances, and in his own belief, had failed miserably in his task, he had, in reality, been only too successful. The huge diamond of his search had evaded his grasp but the holy image of the priests had not. Let me explain—perhaps this will help you to understand.”

With these words the stranger deftly removed, from a hiding place in his robe, an object that made me gasp with wonder as he placed it gently on the table. It was a huge diamond of indescribable beauty, larger than a pigeon's egg and intricately cut in the shape of a bell. Catching every ray of the sun it shimmered and sparkled in numberless hues, blazing with light and almost blinding in its brilliance. The stranger with a smile on his thin lips, seemed to enjoy my admiration, and passing his hand lightly over the surface, touched a minute gold knob that I had not noticed. Immediately a tiny click came from the stone and as if cleft by a knife it fell apart, revealing a hollow compartment within. What I had supposed to be a single diamond was in reality two beautifully matched stones, joined by a tiny gold hinge at the base. With his finger he indicated the compartment and in the same even tone continued:

“As you see, this diamond, or rather, these two diamonds, were designed to hold a small object—none other than the sacred idol of the native priests. Although it was rumored that the diamond itself was worshipped by this sect of natives, in reality it served as but a case to contain the real emblem which your grandfather succeeded in obtaining, unaware of its value.

Since that day, years ago, when Theodore Menton attempted to outwit the guards of this treasure, the fortunes of the Holy Order, to which I myself belong, sank slowly into decay. At first, the priests themselves were not aware of their loss until, on a ceremonial occasion when the diamond casket was opened, its emptiness was apparent. By that time your grandfather had practically escaped and although the long arm of the Holy Order stretched after him, it was unable to close upon its prey. As I have before stated, and as you already know, he died two days after setting foot in America and one day before the hired assassins from India would have administered a similar fate.

Unable to find any trace of the idol, they returned to the temple reporting failure. On that very day, vengeance was sworn against all or any descendants of Theodore Menton, and it was for the purpose of deciding on yours and your father's fate that a council was called a short time ago. At this meeting of several hundred Indians, for the total number of worshippers has now increased into the thousands, I was the only man not in favor of death. Do not think for a moment that I had any pity for you and your father; on the contrary, I have prayed daily for an eternal curse to fall upon you both. However, through the wonderful power bestowed upon me at birth whereby I can cause a man to witness the actions of his ancestors, I felt that I could secure the lost thing from you.”

The slow, monotonous voice ceased and I stared in blank amazement at the Indian.

“But my dear sir,” I expostulated, “I know nothing . . .”

“Silence,” came the reply.

Gradually, as if compelled by some unknown force, I found myself meeting the steady gaze of the stranger. His face was strained with a great effort and I felt his blazing eyes, dazzling me with their brilliance, focussed on mine, piercing me through and through like two burning coals. I experienced an uncanny sensation of sinking lower and lower, wind rushing past my ears and always the eyes of the Indian growing larger and larger. With a roar like thunder, a voice seemed to bellow into my very ears.

"You are searching for the idol of the diamond—follow your grandfather!"

Blackness closed over me, all sound ceased and a cool breeze seemed to blow across my face. Then, as if a curtain had been drawn aside, I found myself watching a most curious scene, and, in a voice that I scarcely recognized as my own, telling of what I saw. An Indian camp, pitched in a wilderness, lay before me. By the light of a flickering camp-fire a group of men, some of them natives, sat huddled together engaged in conversation. Among them I recognized from photographs I had seen, my grandfather, Theodore Menton. Every word uttered came distinctly to my ears and I realized that a plan for the capture of the diamond was being discussed.

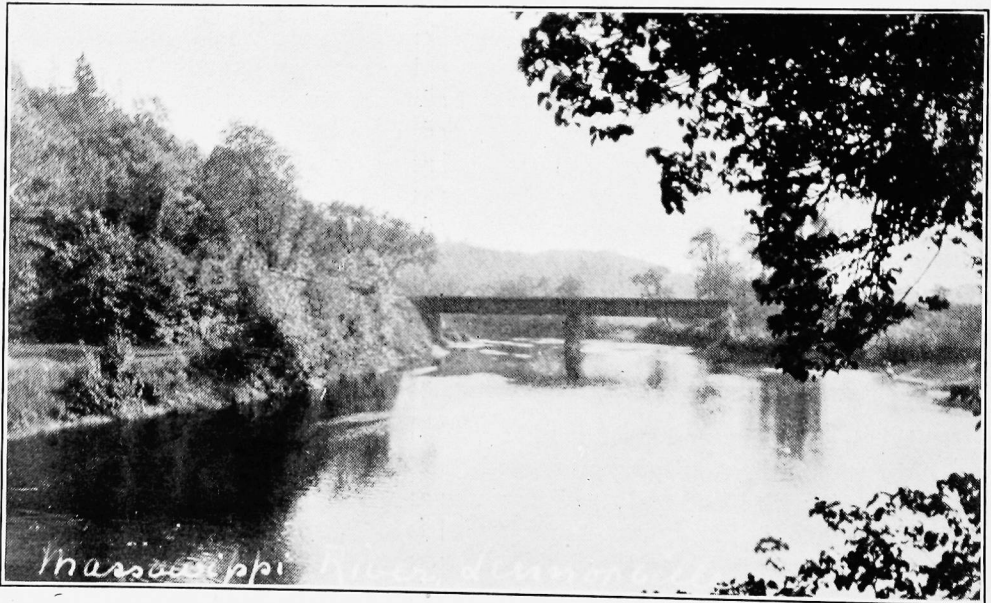
The scene shifted. The same men were creeping on hands and knees towards a low stone building discernible through the trees. It was the temple of the Holy Order! Suddenly a pistol shot echoed through the woods and at the signal the men jumped to their feet and sprinted towards the building. Shots were coming from every side and Indians rushed wildly about, brandishing their long, curved knives. Men were falling everywhere and through the smoke from the powder, I saw my grandfather rush madly on, smashing the lock of the temple door with the butt of his gun and meeting the onrush of Indians with a revolver in each hand. I seemed to follow at his very heels as he forced his way through the rooms leading to the inner shrine leaving a trail of blood behind him. There, at the gilded altar draped with purple, on which shone the priceless gem, he was overwhelmed by the guards and priests and forced steadily backwards. The chief priest himself, snatching the diamond from its perilous position, protected it with his great sword but my grandfather, in an almost superhuman effort made a mad dash, reaching for the jewel with his hand. I saw the diamond open, unknown to its bearer and a tiny object slip into the uplifted palm of Theodore Menton. Instinctively closing his hand, he was beaten backwards, clutching the sacred idol as he fled from the temple.

Again the scene changed and I heard myself telling what I saw in the same subdued voice. My grandfather was lying prostrate beside a clump of bushes. His clothes were torn and stained with blood and on his face was an expression of infinite sadness and of fear. He had failed! The bronze image lay in his hand; it was a crudely carved figure of a man, somewhat resembling the Buddha in expression and pose. Theodore Menton was thinking. Then as an idea occurred to him, he reached for the heavy seal hanging from his watch chain, which I instantly recognized as the one I myself wore, given me by my father. With the point of his knife he pried the round bloodstone, bearing his crest, from its gold mount and pressed the bronze figure into the hollow metal stem. The stone replaced, he surveyed his work, smiling with satisfaction. As I watched intently a shadow seemed to grow thicker and thicker between us until finally everything was blotted out and hidden behind a wall of fog. The vision was over!

Had I slept for hours or minutes was the question I asked myself when I awoke. The sun was slipping into the sea and shadows were creeping up the garden. My first thought was of the stranger, but the chair he had occupied was empty. Beside me stood the proprietor of the tea-house with my bill in his hand.

"You have bene sleeping?" he enquired, "the warm weather often affects one thus."

I nodded and paying for my tea, started down the hill—thinking deeply. Of course I had slept and had dreamed, in fact dreamed the whole adventure. Even so, though it was but a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain, it was infinitely more than I had ever lived through in the past. A dream, but what of that? Suddenly I stopped, gazed downwards and stared in amazement. *Hanging from its long goild chain, my seal dangled ridiculously in the air, bent and broken.*



SATURDAY EVENING GUESTS

Last Saturday evening I sat despondently in my room; I was trying to think of something to write for the magazine. Having been told that I ought to write a story, I was vainly endeavouring to unwind a suitable plot from an unresponsive brain. It had been a tiring day and my thoughts moved very slowly. I was about to give up in despair and go to bed, when there was a knock at the door. "Come in," I said wearily, and to my unspeakable surprise there filed into the room a most extraordinary company, about a dozen middle-aged men dressed in different fashions ranging from several centuries back to almost modern times. I was quite stupified, naturally enough; but realizing that I was their host, I requested them to be seated—our seating accommodation being limited, there was a little difficulty about this. However, they were eventually all settled and I asked a little nervously if I could do anything for them. Then a tall man who had entered first, rose, and, having glanced around at his comrades, began to speak.

"I and my friends," he said, "seeing that you were in trouble, have come to try and aid you in your endeavours to write a short story. We in our day have all been considered famous authors, and we feel it our duty to facilitate the efforts of aspiring but inexperienced youths." Having introduced himself thus, he proceeded to give me advice. "In the first place, you are concentrating on the wrong part, the plot is of no importance"—here a slight altercation arose between the speaker and a gentleman seated on the end of the table who apparently considered the plot rather important in the composition of a story, however, this argument did not last long, and the first gentleman continued. "As I was remarking before this absurd interruption,"—I was afraid for a moment there would be a recurrence of the absurd interruption, fortunately there wasn't—"the plot is not an important part of the story. The main object is to pick a hero or heroine and to display by a train of events all the leading trends and peculiarities in his or her character. In short, to write a successful story one must have a leading character who is developed and enlarged upon from beginning to end. Now, since myself and my friends have come to help you, we will take turns to relate a story which will serve you as an example. I hope you are satisfied," he added, looking at me. I professed myself delighted (as I truly was) with the idea. Forthwith he began and as nearly as I can remember, this is the story he told:—

"Mr. Geoffrey Tyndale was a citizen of no inconsiderable importance in Westsea, the little fishing port where he dwelt and where he had been born some 35 years previously. He was a comparatively wealthy gentleman, but being unmarried, did not keep a large household. He lived in a small cosy-looking house on the cliff top, where he was quite apart from the town and its noisy civilization. His chief exercise was riding and for this reason he kept two horses. Often, when time hung heavy on his hands, he would go for long, solitary rides and return home much refreshed in mind and body. He did not work for a living, but occupied his time with collecting works of art of all descriptions, thus at the same time he beautified his home and satisfied his tastes. Besides all this, he was somewhat of a scholar. He was a charitable man, but did not possess many friends since he preferred his own company. So much for this worthy gentleman's character.

"Now one day a strange thing happened to Mr. Tyndale, although, in the case of another, it might not be wondered at. Having finished his breakfast he was reading the newspaper when his servant entered and announced to him that a deputation of citizens from Westsea awaited him below. Very much perplexed he descended and politely asked their business. The spokesman replied that as he (Mr. Tyndale) was doubtless aware, the M.P. for the locality had died recently, and that they, the Tory voters, would be very much pleased if he (Mr. Tyndale) would agree to be their candidate in the coming election. "As Westsea was a Tory stronghold, Mr. Tyndale is almost sure of being elected," said the speaker, and in conclusion, he added that he hoped sincerely Mr. Tyndale would accept their offer, and in any case, would consider it very carefully.

"As may be imagined, Mr. Tyndale was flattered and to some degree pleased by the suggestion, in fact, he had practically made up his mind to accept, but he thought it was best not to appear too eager. So he thanked them graciously and stated that he would give them a definite answer if they would call at the same hour on the following day. With that, the deputation departed and left Mr. Tyndale to ponder upon their proposal, which he retired upstairs to do."

The tall gentleman paused and then continued. "Now, I think I have carried this tale far enough, so I propose that Mr. S. (indicating the gentleman who had previously interrupted him) will proceed with it and will enlighten us as to the nature of Mr. Tyndale's career."

Mr. S. arose and without any voluntary remarks went straight ahead with the story.

"After ten minutes solitary thought his common sense told Geoffrey Tyndale that to accept his fellow citizen's proposition would be madness. He quite rightly decided that if a man wishes to be happy, he must steer clear of politics and this he resolved to do." At this point Mr. S. was very indignantly interrupted by the first speaker, who wanted to know why the character he had constructed so carefully was being pulled to pieces in such a ragamuffin fashion. But Mr. S. was in no wise daunted, for he continued in the same manner as he had started.

"He had just arrived at this wise decision when was disturbed by a crashing of furniture on the floor below, and he heard his servant loudly calling for help. He rushed downstairs, and on arriving breathless at the bottom, he was horrified to see his man lying prostrate on the floor with blood flowing from a cut on his head. There was no one to be seen anywhere, but Tyndale was taking no chances. He crossed quickly to a sideboard and opening a drawer, drew out a pistol. Thus armed he went over and examined the unconscious form of his servant. There was a large gash on the back of his head, otherwise there were no wounds. Tyndale tied a towel over the cut and stemmed the flow of blood as much as possible. Then, having, with difficulty, placed the man on a sofa, he started for the next room to fetch some restoratives. He had not walked three paces before he heard a slight footstep and he felt a crashing blow on the back of his head. A blinding light flashed before his eyes, then, all sunk into the blackest oblivion."

Mr. S. paused, then he went on, "I think that now I have completed my share of the narrative, and I leave it to one of the remaining gentlemen to continue."

Immediately four other gentlemen arose, each claimed that it was his turn, and they all began to speak at once. One, a portly little man who had been sitting on a grape-juice box in the far corner grew especially wrathful. "In my day", he exclaimed indignantly, "I was unanimously held as the example, par excellence, of what an author should be. Your presumptuous become outrageous, to think that I should ever be put to such an insult. Why, I...". At this point he grew incoherent. The others grew quite as indignant as he, so the dispute began to exhibit symptoms of violence, much to my distress. To my greater dismay, hitherto non-combatant members joined in with equal ferocity, until finally all were shouting and arguing at the same time. The din was indescribable. I could not bear to see such venerable gentlemen engaged in so childish a quarrel. I covered my face with my hands and waited despairingly. Then, quite suddenly the noise decreased until it had died away. I looked up hopefully, there was no one in the room. Stupified, I rubbed my eyes; there could be no mistake—I was quite alone. All was silent as death, and I was sitting with a blank sheet of paper before me, staring across the empty room, hardly believing that anyone had been there at all.

After some thought I decided to write down the story as far as it went, even if it was not complete, and that is what I have done. I hope that I have not offended my strange visitors and helpers by so doing, and I anxiously look forward to a further visit from them, when perhaps they will finish relating to me the unusual and somewhat erratic adventures of Geoffrey Tyndale.

B. I. McGREEVY.



GUINEA PIGS MUST BE FED

or

A FIGHT TO A FINISH

It was evening. A faint wind sighed mournfully in the trees, seeming to forebode evil things—underhand actions. A lone eagle soared majestically overhead, as if loth to come down to rest for the night. Ralph Ralston stood alone near the garden wall doing a very unusual thing for Ralston—thinking. His smart, six-button, double-breasted suit, from the proud needle of Pleasantdale's finest tailor, displayed his seven feet, three inches of bone and rippling muscle to perfection. His ultra-fashionable trousers quite reached the tops of his neat, highly-polished yellow button boots.

Ralph was the last of a long line of Ralstons, and the possessor of a huge fortune, so great indeed, that he thought nothing of purchasing two fifteen dollar suits yearly—in other words, he had lots of "jack." And he was thinking—an uncommon thing, as I have already said.

Just a minute before, a long hairy arm had dropped a folded slip of paper over the wall, and when he picked it up cautiously, he found it to be a mysterious warning. "If your jack is not in the soap-box under the plum tree in your plum orchard tomorrow night—beware!"

"Who could be so mean?" he pondered. "Surely I have done nothing to deserve this!" Shaking his two huge fists in his rising anger, he firmly resolved to hold onto his stupendous fortune at all costs. He was a Ralston.

He slept little that night (a strange thing for such a man as he) and rose from his luxurious bed at eleven-thirty the following morning. Going over to the decanter, he poured a strong glass of water, which he tossed off without the wink of an eyelash; he then donned his neat suit and went downstairs to lunch. But there wasn't any lunch, for his cook, gardener, stable-boy—a certain Mr. Jinks—had eloped in the early hours of the dawn with the mayor's daughter, one Faith Cholmondeley. Undaunted, Ralph contented himself with a cold turkey and some gingersnaps, which he found in the ice-box.

During the afternoon, to divert his mind from the impending danger, Ralph sorted and re-sorted the "card-pictures" he had saved from his cigarettes. All he lacked to complete two sets were ten aces, four kings and a three of clubs. He fondly dreamed of the time when he could send two complete sets to the company and receive a genuine gold-plated safety razor.

Dreaming thus, he was suddenly brought back to the realization of the terrible threat that hung over him. A small paper pellet had been hurled through the window onto his table. With trembling fingers, he unrolled it, and found that it contained the same message as before.

Ralph was still resolved to stand fast, but he could not banish a certain uneasiness that hung over him, and decided to go out into the open air. Hour after hour he paced up and down the road in front of his house, his stout shoes beating a tattoo on the hard round.

As night was approaching, he finally sought his bed, having first locked the front door, hidden his wallet under the door-mat and placed his air-gun within easy reach. Tired out he fell into a deep sleep.

At about ten o'clock in the morning he awoke with a start. "What was that?" He could have sworn that he had heard a muffled footstep outside his door. Quickly snatching up his gun, he shot fifty rounds in quick succession in the direction of the door. but the spring in his rifle was weak, and the pellets fell before they reached their destination, and bounced along the floor. Ralph, quite equal to the situation, jumped from his bed and tore open the door. There was no one there—no sound in the whole house. He stole cautiously down the broad stairway into the hall below. Stepping briskly across the floor, Ralph bent over two objects that had arrested his attention—a fine new pair of shoes, apparently forgotten by the intruder in his hurried exit. He must have taken them off to ensure quietness. Ralph stroked their fine soft leather with admiration. With his customary abruptness, he came to a decision. Picking up one of his telephones, he held a hurried conversation with the Pleasantdale detective, asking him to come to the house as soon as possible.

As he waited for the detective to make his appearance, Ralph sauntered to the kitchen to scare up a little breakfast. Ever alert, his swift glance circled the room. It stopped horrified, on the table top. There, written in huge letters, was the one word "BEWARE".

His heart leaped to his throat, seemed to choke him. Staggering to the decanter, he braced himself with a glass of lemonade. Would the detective NEVER come? All thoughts of breakfast abandoned, he paced up and down, up and down the stairs, smoking cigarette after cigarette, cigar after cigar.

Finally, a quick, alert footstep sounded without, and Detective Hobbs entered, taking in the situation at a glance.

"Ralph," he said, in a calm unhurried voice, "I deduct that you have found two clues. Where are they?" Ralph led him to the boots.

Deliberately seating himself in a chair, Hobbs removed his own well-worn pair and slid his feet into the clues, which fitted perfectly. "Hum" said Hobbs, "I deduct that they are size eight and a half. I'll send you my solution of the mystery in a fortnight. I must think."

Without another word, he walked out of the house, his old shoes still lying on the floor. "Well," sighed Ralph, "I see there is no help in that direction. I wonder Heavens! ! I forgot to feed the guinea-pig!"

He hurriedly snatched some food from the cupboard in the kitchen and rushed out the back door, thinking how the poor little animal was suffering. Six dark forms closed in around him from the shadows of the porch, threatening him with sharp safety-pins. Had he stopped to think, he would have been lost; but a Ralston did not have to stop and think. With well directed blows, he killed five of them and the sixth, who looked the most timid of all, he bound tightly with a stout coil of rope which he took from his vest pocket. He resolved to have the truth from this man, or die in the attempt.

With a pair of ice-tongs, he carried the scoundrel into the kitchen and dropped him

on the floor. For a time the sullen rascal remained silent under his fire of questions, but when Ralph began to tickle him, the truth came out.

Roaring with painful laughter, the captive gave the name of his employer and the whereabouts of his lair in jerky gasps. Knowing all he needed, Ralph firmly glued his prisoner to the floor and ran upstairs to arm himself.

Ten minutes later, he found himself at the address given him. It was a small, dark, forbidding-looking house. Ralph strode fearlessly in without knocking. But although he searched the house from top to bottom, he found no one. Coming back to the hall, he stood in dejected silence. Had he been double-crossed? A slip of paper on a small, richly-carved table caught his eye. Curiously, he picked it up and read. A cold shiver ran down his spine, turned, and ran up again. The message contained but one word—"FOILED."

His first rush of anger passing, Ralph sensibly decided to go back home and think matters over. As he drew nearer his door, his footstep lagged, something deep within him warned him of danger. Ralph, being a Ralston, dismissed his uneasiness laughingly and entered. Aside from tripping over the door-mat and breaking his arm as he fell, nothing unusual happened. Proudly looking down on the four tenderfoot badges on his lapel, he tore his shirt into strips, quickly fashioned a sling, and thought no more of his mishap. What Ralston would have thought of calling a doctor?

Ralph whistled merrily as he took the stairs at a bound, to return the weapons to their proper place in his den.

As he laid his hand on the door-knob, he heard a rustle of papers within. With a deft twist of his wrist he flung the door wide open. A man, who had been bending over his desk, looked up with a start.

"Ha, the master criminal himself," thought Ralph, "I can tell by his crafty look."

The man was short and slightly stooped, with small, cunning eyes. His forehead was exceptionally high, and his twisted mouth gave an impression of ruthless cruelty.

"Hist", hissed the rogue.

"Stand where you are," cried Ralph, but thinking better of it, with the traditional politeness of the Ralstons, he offered his captive a chair.

Completely at his ease, Ralph prepared to enjoy the situation.

"Ha, so you didn't get my money after all", he jeered.

"Your money?" The prisoner wore a puzzled look.

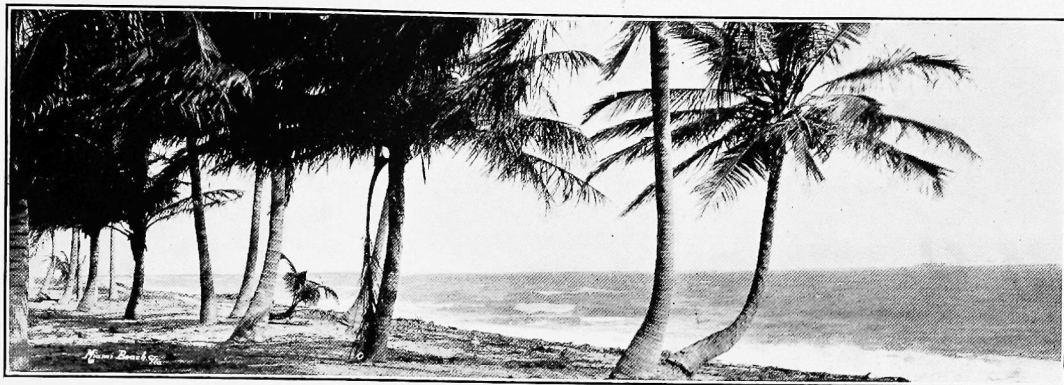
"Yes, and don't pretend you're so innocent!" Ralph angrily threw off his sling, looking as if he meant business. A murderous frown marred his handsome features.

"What about the jack you mentioned in your warnings?" he cried.

"Oh, the jack, the jack!" murmured the accused man, now breaking down completely, "It was the only card I needed to complete my second pack . . . and . . . and I knew that you had one!"

Mercifully, Ralph strangled him.

R. A. Montgomery



THE TERROR OF THE CHINESE SEA

Chapter One

We were just finishing our evening meal when there was a sudden knock at the door. My friend rose from the table and admitted the new-comer. He was a man of about thirty-five, with long thick black hair; his accent was peculiar, and over his right eye was a scar. Having introduced himself as Li-Chan, he then hurriedly told us his intention in coming here.

"Between Kiung-Chow, the capital of the Island of Hainan, which is in the South China Sea, and Shanghai, there is a place, Macao, which is the headquarters of a band of pirates." Here, our new visitor lit a cigar, and after several puffs he continued. "This band owns a ship called 'The Amoy' which carries opium and precious jewels to Shanghai, not only do they smuggle this, but they also steal other ships' cargo."

Li-Chan put down his cigar, and leaning over to us said in a very low voice—"I'll give you 50,000 tails if you capture this band." I consulted my friend, and we decided to try to capture them. As soon as Li-Chan heard this, he said—"Meet me in Macao in three days, and I'll tell you what to do."

Now let me tell you something about my friend and myself. We had come over to China from England in search of adventure. Both being very rich, and having no fixed positions in life, we were desirous of seeing something of China, and, if possible, to share some of the adventure with which China has always been connected. From Shanghai, we went to Kiung-Chow and it was there that we met the mysterious Li-Chan.

After two days we gathered our things together and set out for Macao, and arrived there the next day. Li-Chan met us and took us to a large house. He took us into a room and said:—"This will be your room, make yourselves comfortable."

He went out, shutting the door after him, leaving us staring at a room with two beds in it, a clothes cupboard, a few pieces of furniture, and numerous pictures all around the walls. That night we had dinner late, and being tired from our journey we went to bed early, leaving ourselves in the hands of Li-Chan.

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That night, at about twelve o'clock, as we afterwards found out, Li-Chan quietly entered the room where we were sleeping. In his right hand he had a bottle and a hypodermic syringe. He filled the syringe with the fluid and came and injected us both, which would make us sleep for 18 hours. Having thus finished his work, he tip-toed out as quietly as he had entered.

Chapter Two

All was quiet at Kiung-Chow, when the little party of pirates embarked on the "AMOY". The stars were glittering from above and the moon shone down as the ship was moored out into the sea. At mid-day, the next morning we awoke finding ourselves in a dismal, dirty little room. It was three days since we had arrived at Macao. The sound of the breaking of the waves told us that we were at sea. What had happened? What were we going to do? These were the questions which revolved over and over again in our minds. Our heads were still dizzy from the effects of the morphine. After what had seemed to us hours of waiting, the door opened and a little Chinaman appeared with a tray with some dinner on it. We asked him where we was going, but he replied in his broken English: "Me not allowed to tell, me be killed if I do." We ate what we could of our meal, and after that we started to investigate the room to see if, by chance there was a means of escape. The walls were of rough logs which seemed very old; on one of the walls was a sword. The floor was tiled with long strips of iron. We thought of the sword and the long strips of iron; but they were of no use.

The next day, we were made to wash the decks and clean out the captain's room. He was a very rough and grumpy sort of a creature, who had the appearance of always being under the influence of liquor. After that, we were taken down to the bottom of the ship, where we hurried through our work so much, that the captain had us horse-whipped with long strips of leather soaked in oil.

The third day out, we sighted a schooner, but it was of no use to us. My friend and I consulted as how to make an escape. Suddenly I thought of a plan:—"We'll bribe the little Chinaman, and tell him that we'll kill him if he doesn't free us." My plan was that I should wait behind the door until he came in, then I would lock the door, in the meantime my friend would bind and gag him. The plan worked well, my friend pounced upon him and I shut the door. Then I said to him "We are very rich Englishmen, and we will give you a large reward and a safe conduct to England, if you help us escape tonight. If not, I will stab you with that sword," pointing to the sword which was upon the wall. He answered immediately in the affirmative, saying "Me come here at twelve tonight and me lead you to a little boat, which me will lower, you be ready and make no noise." We had now only to wait patiently. How happy we were! How our hearts beat with joy!

Chapter Three

At twelve o'clock the little Chinaman entered our room. We were both sitting on our beds when he entered. He immediately came over to us and said "You follow me, and be careful to make no noise. When I lower the boat you go down first, then your friend and I'll follow after him. Be careful of the watchman." With that, he beckoned us to follow him quietly onto the deck. Sure enough there was the watchman, just 20 paces in front of us and sitting right in front of our boat.

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Geneva

Tokio

We stole quietly up to him, and with a sudden start, he turned to us; but before he could do anything the little Chinaman had bound and gagged him. As he was struggling he gave a yell, but I gave him a clout on the head, and he was stunned. Quietly and quickly, we lowered the boat down. I went down first, then the watchman came, helped by my friend. Turning our eyes to the deck, to see that the Chinaman was alright, we were stricken with great fear, for there was no Chinaman there. We immediately climbed the ladder to the deck. In the dark we saw two figures fighting. One we recognized as the little Chinaman, but who was the other? We made a sudden rush, grabbed the unknown one and stunned him and then lowered him into the boat.

We had just pushed off, when we heard several gruff voices calling, as we thought the sentinel. After rowing for an hour, we decided to have a look at the two men whom we had captured. The first one was a Chinaman, with two big teeth, which resembled tusks, sticking out. his hair was greasy and long, his face was pale and thin. The next one, to our great surprise was no other than the man with the scar over his right eye—Li-Chan, who had brought us into this terrible trouble.

After what had seemed hours of rowing we landed at Shao-Kun, which is the pirates second head-quarters, as we afterwards found out. Here, we only got ourselves into worse trouble for Li-Chan was known by many people. But after some trying work, we managed to get to a hotel, where we put Li-Chan in a room with us.

The "Amoy", after what had happened, instead of going to Shanghai, turned to Shao-Kun, where we were. We sighted it one afternoon about 5 miles from shore, and anchored there. Immediately we wired to Shanghai, a gang of policemen came and arrested them; they then took them to Shanghai, where they were put into prison.

After two or three hours Li-Chan opened his eyes then after a while, he said—"By tonight I shall have escaped." At this we all laughed and went down for supper. Upon returning to our room, we heard a rustle there, and on opening the door we saw Li-Chan jump from the window, for we were only on the first floor. We rushed downstairs, out the door, and followed the fugitive through the darkness; after fifteen minutes we saw him enter a house, marked No. 14 Ti-Sang Suqare. It was about four o'clock now so we decided to wait till 6 o'clock, however, we waited for fear he should escape.

At 6 o'clock, having armed ourselves we quietly tip-toed to the house; and by the use of a skeleton key entered. We were at once in a great hall and the farther end there was a room, from which came frequent noises. We crouched down and waited; presently the door opened and out came 6 men, but Li-Chan was not among them. When they had gone out of the door we went to the door of the room and burst it in; there was Li-Chan sitting at a table looking at a map; as soon as he saw us he jumped to the fireplace, turned a button and immediately a huge door opened, and it shut as fast as it had opened. We were now dumbfounded, and decided to investigate the fireplace. Immediately we saw the construction of the fireplace; it was only a fake one. The little chinaman then turned the button the other way, there was a loud click, and we tried to see if the door would move but it didn't. Li-Chan had gone forever.

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Several days after, we asked the little Chinaman why he turned the button the other way. He said "Me tell you tonight". So night having come, we went into the living room. Then he said—"The reason why I turned the button the other way was, that once it was turned in that direction it never could be opened again". We then asked him where the passage lead to and he replied—"It doesn't lead anywhere, it is only a little room they use in case they are raided; but don't worry, Li-Chan will be dead within a very few hours."

After we had arrived home, my friend said to me—"I wonder if Li-Chan is dead; and do you believe what the little Chinaman said about the fireplace?"

I replied that I certainly believed what he said; and as for Li-Chan I said—"You never can tell whether he is dead or not, as he can manage to squeeze out of anything."

"Well let's hope so" he said, and then we left each other.

THE END

H. L. HALL



MY ADVENTURE AT MONTE CARLO

By H. J. Kennedy

It was pouring rain when I arrived at Monte Carlo. It was my first visit there, and I was rather disappointed. I had arrived at nine thirty a.m. It was now noon and still raining. I walked up and down the terrace (which was practically deserted), and went into the Café de Paris for a cocktail. Now let me explain to you who I am. My name is John Parker, I am an Englishman on a holiday for one week in the middle of December. I am unmarried.

As I waited, an Arab, carrying rugs, apparently for sale, came over to me and said in excellent English:—"Sir, will you please to help me in a little affair. I am in the French detective service." At that moment he produced a certificate bearing the name of Jean Hébert. I nodded and he continued speaking softly. "In the next room to yours at the Hotel Metropole, there is a Russian, whose name is Otto Saminoff. He has, as I suspect, stolen some valuable jewellery from the Prince Ivan, who is now staying in Rome. I must recover it. Otto's companion and partner is his wife, Alma Saminoff. They are the cleverest crooks on the continent. Please go to your room at once and I will follow, after discarding this disguise."

As I walked towards my hotel, you may imagine how I felt. I was a little staggered by what he had said, and his appearance had overwhelmed me, but I knew strange things happen in Monte Carlo. I got to my rooms before he did, and ordered a light lunch, consisting of an omelette and "Crepe Susettes," the most delicious pancakes I have ever tasted anywhere. After my meal had been cleared away, a boy came up to my rooms with a card. On it was written Detectif Jean Hébert. I told him to show him up, and a few moments later the detective entered. He was a tall, clean shaven man, with jet black eyes like those of an eagle.

"Mr. Parker", he said, "you must think me very rude to break up your holiday, but it is of the greatest importance that you help me. The two in the next room are dangerous. I strongly suspect that he has stolen Prince Ivan's jewels. This morning I got news that Princess Olga, sister of Ivan, had been myseriously kidnapped. The Saminoffs are very much the Bolshie type, and I am sure they have something to do with the disappearance of Olga. They are in the next room, and if you will glue your ear to the wall tonight and listen, you will be of considerable help." I told the detective that I would sit up all night and listen if it was doing any good. Hébert thanked me and left.

After the detective had gone, I went for a stroll down by the Casino. I thought I might as well go in and try my luck. I put a chip on "vingt-cinq", and it turned up. Think of getting "en pleine," reader! After an hour or so of gambling came out with a "mille" note more than I went in with. After a few days' playing I knew I just had beginner's luck, but after all, if you can come out \$55.00 ahead, you don't mind if it is beginner's luck, do you?

At 8.30 I took my position as a common eavesdropper. All I could hear was shuffling of feet. At about 9.00 I heard a voice say "Let me go." At 9.15 I felt a drowsiness coming over me, and a few seconds later I felt myself sinking. Down, down, crash!

At what time I regained consciousness I haven't the faintest idea, but when I came to, my head was buzzing, and everything in front of my eyes was a complete blur. When I got my eyes properly focussed, I found I was in a small room, expensively furnished, I was lying on a sort of divan, and I had a bandage round my head. I sat up, and to my great joy, saw Jean Hébert standing in front of me. I raised myself up to ask what had happened, but he pushed me roughly down.

"My dear friend, I am not Jean Hébert at all. You have never seen him. His foolish little body is downstairs, with that of sweet Olga, bless her soul. Oh, don't look so worried, they are not dead. Ah no! very much alive. I found in his pocket something about you, and where you were staying. I suppose you are an English detective. Bah! then you are easy to deal with. But I advise you not to try to escape, as I have servants all over the house. In a few minutes you will be put with your companions. I suppose you have guessed who I am. Yes? No? . . . "

"Otto Saminoff", I said, too petrified to move.

Just then a young, slim girl came into the room. She rushed over to Otto, kissed him, and then said: "My darling, I have sold them. I got ten million francs for them. Of course, that fool Bienvenu bought half of them. The rest I took to practically all the jewellers in Monte Carlo." Saying this, she produced a bag full of money and threw it across to him. He counted it very carefully. He clapped his hands and two servants came in, and at a signal from their chief, took me down to my fellow prisoners. We were in an awful dungeon.

After I had told Hébert who I was, he said I must be very much in the dark. He also said that my chief had written a letter to him asking him to look after me. That was the reason Saminoff thought I had something to do with it, I suppose. Princess Olga, who was very beautiful, but dreadfully pale, was too terrified to speak.

We all tried to think of a way to escape. I had on me a hundred thousand francs as I had had my money for the trip changed into francs, and I had not yet put it in the Bank. We decided that we would try to bribe the guard, when suddenly the door was flung open, and in stepped our jailer, Otto Saminoff.

"How do you do, mes amis? I hope you have everything you want? But you will not have to stay here long. Ah no!" he said, becoming melodramatical, "I have a system that will break the bank of Monte Carlo, and when it does, you may go! It won't be long, it won't, it won't" He threw up his hands, turned and went out of the room, slamming the door behind him. I myself, thought he was absolutely crazy, but my companions assured me that he was quite the contrary.

Lunch for three was brought up a little while after Otto's exit, and I began to get familiar with my companions. Hébert seemed quite a nice man, and was very earnest at his work. He said Otto would have to release us soon, if the bribe didn't work, as the French officials would miss him. Princess Olga was charming, but she was very scared and would not speak a word. I tried to console her, but she just sat in a corner and sobbed now and then.

When the meal was cleared away, I called in the guard, told him how much we would give him and his companions if they would let us out, and, after a bit of coaxing, he agreed. He stated that the best time was about one o'clock next morning, as the master and mistress would very probably be in bed. He said he would have a closed car waiting at the back door for us, and that it would take us to any hotel we wished. We were all overjoyed at this news, and even Olga began to speak, although only a little. Hébert suggested that we had better try and get a little rest so we all went to sleep, and slept soundly until 7.30, when a fair dinner was served to us.

At about ten Otto came in. "Good-night, you three," he said roughly, and then to my horror, tried to kiss Olga. I rushed over to them, and hit him a straight left on the face. He toppled over, but got up, and had the guard tie me up. After he had gone, the guard came back (I must say my tip had done wonders), and untied me. Olga came over and said in a very low voice, almost a whisper. "Thank you, monsieur, how can I ever repay you!?"

"Oh, it was nothing, that big man is really like a lump of jelly to knock down," I replied modestly.

"I think", said Hébert, glancing at his watch, "that we had better pretend to go to sleep, it is 11 o'clock now, and if you care for some sleep, I will readily watch."

I was just dozing when Hébert gently shook me. "Twelve thirty", he said, "we had better begin to get ready."

I hastily obeyed, and at 12.50 the guard came in. "All is ready", he said in French, "come."

We went out, very silently, fearing an unnecessary noise would upset everything. At last we were outside. We got in the car, and sped hastily towards Monte Carlo. Free! Free! It was too good to be true. I asked the guard where we were, and he said near Eze.

At last we got to the Hotel Metropole. Olga had decided to remain there for a few days, before joining her brother at Rome. She at once notified the police of her safety, and the French officials, headed by Hébert, went to Eze, in search of the Saminoffs. All they found was a deserted house, with no trace left of them anywhere. They had, as it were, vanished into thin air.

Olga and I decided to see the sights together. Neither of us had been on the Riviera before, and it was all new to us. We went in a charabanc to Grasse, and then home through Cannes. Another time we went to the old town of Sospel, had lunch there together, and in the afternoon had a round of golf. The next trip we took was a perilous journey on donkeys up to Saint Agnes. The road was very narrow, and several times my donkey nearly went over the edge. Our favorite trip was to la Turbie, and sit by the temple of Augustus.

I had prolonged my trip in Monte Carlo to three weeks. So had Olga. We had got very fond of each other, and one day I knew I loved her. I wont bore you with our love story, but Olga promised to be my wife. She wired for her brother to join us, and we all went over to London, where we were married at St. Martins-in-the-Fields.

During our stay in Monte Carlo, we had been in touch with Hébert about Otto, but they could find no trace of him at all. Olga and I decided to spend our honeymoon in dear old Monte, so about two weeks after our departure found us back again. Hébert was there, looking very worried, and saying he was giving up this superhuman case.

Olga and I were very happy. We used to spend the day touring the Riviera, and the night at the Sporting Club playing roulette. On one of these latter occasions, the climax of my story happens. We were throwing on chips, sometimes winning, sometimes losing, when all of a sudden I felt as if somebody was looking at me. I could not see who it was, but I just felt it. I turned quickly, to find myself staring into the face of Otto Saminoff! Was I mad? I felt dizzy. I looked again, and saw, sure enough, it was he, the brute, the cur, who had dared to kiss my Olga. I was going to hit him, when he held my hand.

"Take this", he said, handing me an envelope, "good-bye". I looked across the table, there sat Alma, pale as death. All of a sudden Otto whipped out a revolver and fired. Alma screamed. He had killed her! Then he turned the weapon on himself, he was dead! The Sporting Club was in a panic. Croupiers, attendants, everybody, ran hither and thither. I rushed Olga out, and we got in a taxi, which took us direct to the hotel. Olga was sobbing softly, and I told her she had better go and lie down, as the excitement was very great for her.

Just then I remembered the note, and it ran thus:—

"Dear Parker,

Well, you win; I have lost all my money on my system that I thought could break the bank. I wish you luck with Olga. Little beast—Oh, how I hate the aristocracy! After you escaped, we went to Africa, stayed there for a while and then came back to Monte Carlo, to try my system, which, as you see failed miserably. It was very easy foiling that little Hébert person. I saw you and Olga on the street today, that is why I give you the note. I hope you liked the shooting act, rather melodramatic, eh?.

Best regards to Olga,

Yours sincerely,
O. Saminoff."

You see how it turned out? Olga was very glad to hear that it was at an end. She is looking now over my shoulder as I write. What more could I want?

The End.



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A TRIP TO HAWAII

By C. R. G. Short

Let us consider ourselves as taking a trip to these wonderful islands in the middle of the Pacific, with the most nearly perfect climate in the world; never too hot nor too cold.

We sail from San Francisco, at noon, on Wednesday and after six delightful days of ocean travel arrive in Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands, on Tuesday morning. We drive to our hotel, the Moana, which is situated right on Waikiki Beach, one of the most widely known beaches in the world. We have breakfast and then motor around the city, through the business section, Japanese section, residential section, and Chinatown. In the afternoon we drive out to a place called Pali, which is on the main road around the island of Oahu, and is the highest point on this island. It is about a thousand feet in height and is the scene of the victory of Kamehameha, the king of the Hawaiian Islands, over the King of Oahu, when he drove the army of Oahu over the Pali. We get a wonderful panorama of the western side of the island of Oahu. Below us are pineapple fields belonging to Libby, McNeill and Libby. We must not forget that the pineapple and sugar cane industries are the main source of wealth of the Islands.

That night we go to a luan, or Hawaiian feast. This feast is spread out on tables which are right on the ground, and we squat around them. The Hawaiians prepare pigs for these feasts by slitting them open, and putting red hot stones in them, and putting them in the ground for two or three hours. The rest of the meal consists of poi, a pasty substance, raw fish, and cocoanut puddings.

On Thursday night we leave for Hawaii, the largest island of the group, and reach Hilo, its biggest city on Friday morning. We drive straightaway to the Volcano House which is thirty miles from Hilo. The Volcano House is situated on a bluff and looks out over three miles of lava, onto Kilauea, the largest active volcano in the world. This volcano is one mile in diameter. That afternoon we drive over to within a mile and a half of the crater's edge. The volcano is much more interesting at night, the red, boiling, lava showing up in the pit. The glow is easily seen from the Volcano House. We stay at the Volcano House for two days, visiting the sulphur beds, which are just a little way from it, and the largest koa tree in the islands. The koa wood is the wood from which ukeleles are made.

We leave Hilo Sunday night and reach Honolulu Saturday morning, spending the time, till our boat leaves on Wednesday, by going to shows and swimming in that wonderful beach, Waikiki. On Wednesday morning, at ten o'clock, we sail for San Francisco and arrive there the following Tuesday morning. Thus ends one of the most delightful trips one could ever wish for.



A NIGHT ADVENTURE AT CASTLEBOURGH SCHOOL

By R. W. Davis and P. L. MacDougall.

Scene I

All the boys had got back from the Easter Holidays, and Banny Rogers, the American millionaire's son, and his chum Bob Stuart, Dick Randell and Tom Merry, had all gathered in their old study "C" in the lower part of the new wing. They were discussing some means of getting some fun at the beginning of the term between big mouthfuls of jam tart and ginger pop.

Banny suggested that they go to the Fair in the village of Castlebrough; they all jumped at the idea. As this was Thursday, they decided to go the next evening.

Next morning after prayers, the Headmaster, Dr. Biddleworth, said the Fair was strictly out of bounds, and any one caught there would get a public caning and be gated for the rest of the term.

Scene II

That night about 10 p.m., when all the occupants of B. Dormitory were asleep, if you had looked in you would have seen four boys dressing very quietly. Taking their boots in their hands, they were soon outside (leaving the door on the latch). The village of Castlebrough was situated about a mile away from the school. They covered the distance in about ten minutes and were soon at the Fair. Just as they were getting on the scenic railway, they saw in front the new junior Master, Mr. White. Suddenly, just as they were rounding a steep curve, the car toppled over. Luckily it fell into the water chute, the car narrowly missed hitting them. When they came to the surface they saw Mr. White floundering about, they swam quickly to shore, and just as they were leaving, they saw that Mr. White was sinking. Quickly Banny jumped in and as he was a good swimmer, he soon had him safely on shore.

Scene III

The next morning, they were called into the Doctor's study, and after he had given them a lecture on breaking bounds, he congratulated Banny on saving Mr. White's life. After making them promise not to break bounds again, he let them off. We will leave them having tea with Mr. White.



THE MYSTERY MAN

By P. W. Davis

Chap. I

The Mystery Man sat in his chair while Chinese servants hurried hither and thither to do his bidding. Motioning to one of these, he said "Ling Soo, I am going to visit a friend of mine, Lord Bolingbroke—order the car." The Chinese servant bowed and left.

Five minutes later, the man of Mystery was being borne swiftly through London. At last the car stopped in front of one of London's fashionable clubs. The Mystery Man alighted and entered. Here he sought out Lord Bolingbroke, and went to a private room. "Lord Bolingbroke," said the Mystery Man, "I have reasons to believe that at twelve o'clock tomorrow you will be robbed of your set of rubies which I know you prize highly."

"Who are you?" questioned Lord Bolingbroke.

"Never mind that now, know that I am a friend" replied the Man of Mystery.

"Certainly," said Lord Bolingbroke, "tell me what I can do to prevent what you say happening."

"Bring me the gems at two o'clock this afternoon—I have a plan which will forestall one of the cleverest crooks in England."

"How am I to know that you will not take the rubies for yourself?" said His Lordship.

"On my honour as an Englishman, I swear it," replied the Man of Mystery.

"The rubies will be delivered at two o'clock. Please give me your address."

When the Mystery Man had done so, they parted.

Chap. II

The Mystery Man was once more sitting in his private room, waiting for the rubies to arrive. Meanwhile, in another quarter of London, situated on the Thames Embankment, a master crook planned for the capture of the gems. His men had already brought him news that the Man of Mystery, known to them as Mr. Jonathan Edwards of Scotland Yard, had possession of the rubies. They were not the only ones so well informed, for the Mystery Man's Chinese servants knew all the plans of Carlman the cracksman.

Chap. III

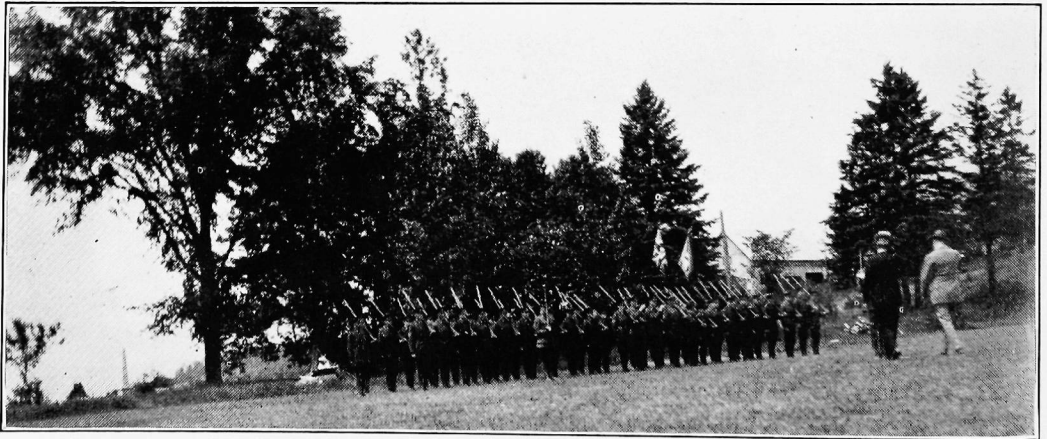
The Master crook had a Lion car of great speed stationed near the Mystery Man's house, ready to make a quick getaway. The Man of Mystery had also laid his plans well. As soon as the cracksman left for his house, the Lion car should be replaced by that of a battered one cylinder motor-cycle. Also surrounding the Man of Mystery's house was a detachment of Scotland Yard men. At midnight Carlman left his house, and journeying to the Man of Mystery's house, managed to evade the Yard's men and got safely

into the garden. Here he took a specially prepared bow and steel arrow from under his coat. He then tied a heavy piece of rope to the arrow, and pulling the string back to his ear, released the shaft.

It sunk deep into the woodwork of the window sill of the second floor. Carlman proceeded to climb the rope and enter the Man of Mystery's room. Here he rifled the safe where the rubies were kept. Once more, sliding down the rope, he again evaded the Yard's men and managed to gain the shed, where he expected to find the Lion. But his expectations were not realized.

The Scotland Yard men closed in on him and so ended the career of Carlman the cracksman. The next day Lord Bolingbroke received his rubies back, and rewarded the Man of Mystery liberally.

Finis.



"ONCE IN A BLUE MOON"

It all happened at a house party given by Sir George and Lady Selsby at their summer mansion near Melbourne in Southern Australia. Among the guests were Edward Travers and Harold Rennings, both old friends of Sir George and to whom his house was always open. Edward Travers was a very well-to-do young lawyer of Melbourne, who had at one time been engaged to Lady Selsby, but who since then had very seldom visited them. However last winter he had met Sir George in Melbourne and had accepted an invitation to come and stay with them the following summer.

Harold Rennings was a young Englishman with lots of money and nothing to do with it; he had met Sir George years before when they were at Oxford together, so now as soon as he arrived in Australia he received an invitation to Selsby Hall.

These two struck up a great friendship and spent most of their spare time in each other's company, golfing, playing tennis, shooting and fishing.

Another member of the party was a Japanese who had come to Australia on some mission from Tokio to the Government of the Commonwealth, and when he had finished his mission he had stayed in Australia. Lady Selsby had been introduced to him at a dance a few nights before and had more out of compassion for his having so few friends, than from any real liking for the man, invited him to stay with them for a week-end.

From the first this man seemed to have taken a dislike to Harold although he concealed it from everyone but its object. One night, however, Harold caught him cheating at a game of poker, whereupon he left the room in a rage, and the next morning left the house, for which no one was sorry. As the days passed, however, this event was forgotten, and pass they did very pleasantly with something to do every minute of the time.

One morning Harold found that his watch, chain and in fact nearly all his personal belongings had disappeared. This seemed to him most extraordinary, especially in a big house like Selsby Hall, and he thought that perhaps one of the servants had mislaid them. At first therefore, he said nothing about it either to his host or hostess, but as none of the stolen articles were returned and as the thefts kept on he decided to go to his hostess about it. Lady Selsby was, of course, very concerned, but she could discover nothing although she dismissed several of the servants.

One morning a maid on knocking on the door of Harold's room received no response and upon entering found him dead in his bed stabbed in the neck; immediately all was in an uproar, all the guests left. Lady Selsby went into hysterics, and the police were called.

They, however, could do nothing; the servants had seen no one enter the house that morning, but one of them said he had seen Edward Travers coming out of Harold's room early that morning about 6 o'clock; however, as there was no earthly reason why Edward should murder Harold, and as he himself denied having been in Harold's room at all that morning, no one believed the servant.

The next day as the maid was packing some of Edward's things preparatory to his

departure, she came across a valise already packed and locked; thinking there might be room for something else, she opened it, and finding it only half full started to put in some clothes, but upon displacing something in the bottom she found that the bottom was strewn with men's jewellery all of which were identified as having belonged to Harold Rennings.

Edward, on being questioned, said that he had never touched the things, but had started to pack the night before and had left it intending to finish the next day.

Everyone was bewildered and no one knew what to make of it, but Edward was asked to go to his room pending further notice, and people began to believe that perhaps he knew more about the murder than he chose to tell. However, some pointed out that he could have had no possible reason for murdering his friend, or for stealing from him.

This all happened on Tuesday and on the following Tuesday Edward was called to appear before the court to answer a charge of murder. Another point against him was that a knife with sinister stains on it was found in the bushes beneath his window, apparently dropped from it.

The counsel for the defense pleaded that Mr. Travers could have had no possible reason for either stealing from or murdering his friend, but the case seemed very strong against him when a milkman came forward and said that early on the morning of the murder when passing Selsby Hall he had seen a small foreign looking man emerge from the bushes and walk rapidly down the road.

This description seemed to fit the Japanese who had quarrelled so bitterly with Harold a little while before the murder, but when the constables were sent to look for him he was nowhere to be found. When he was inquired for at the hotel where he was believed to be staying, the manager said that he had left a few days before.

The case was therefore adjourned until he could be found, but in two days he was recognized while trying to embark on a steamer at Brisbane bound for Ceylon. He was brought back and confessed that he had stolen the valuables and murdered Harold Rennings. He said that he had done it in revenge for having been forced to leave the party in disgrace. To cover his tracks he had done his best to put the blame on someone else and had bribed one of the servants to put the articles in Edward's suitcase and to say that he had seen Edward leave Harold's room. He himself it was who had thrown the knife into the bushes under Harold's window.

After the murder he had secreted himself until he thought it would be safe to try to escape.

A week later Edward Travers was on board a steamer bound for Europe, he did not like the sudden publicity which the newspapers were giving him.

Leaning over the rail he said to a fellow passenger standing beside him, to whom he had been telling his story—"Thank goodness those things only happen to a fellow—ONCE IN A BLUE MOON."

THE END

P. B. Coristine.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

By J. Richardson, Prep. School

Chapter One

It was a hot, sultry day about midsummer, 1742, when George II was on the throne of England, that a horseman drew up at the Gallows Inn, Exeter. He was a strange-looking man, with great searching eyes, and a brown periwig fastened up behind by a large black bow. He was tall, over six feet, and with fists that could fell an ox; he looked a little over forty in age, and there was a sword scar over his right eye-brow. He was dressed the fashion of the day, a cocked hat, blue with yellow rim, a blue coat trimmed with lace, and lined with yellow; trousers of the same colour and long riding boots of leather that reached up to his knees. He was also armed with a sword, for it was the fashion to go about armed on roads like this these days, for there was the possible risk of being set upon by highwaymen.

He dismounted, and knocking on the door of the Inn called in a loud voice for the inn-keeper. In a few minutes that worthy appeared, and overawed by the majestic bearing of his visitor asked what he required, in a quaking voice. The gallant then replied that he required supper and a good night's rest, and requested the inn-keeper not to notify his presence to anyone, but put him in a secluded room. The host could do naught but obey, and quaking in every limb, he showed the gallant upstairs.

Once safe in his room, the highwayman, for such he was, locked the door, and taking two pistols from one of his pockets laid them on the blanket, and sat down on a stool by his bed, while from the other pocket he drew forth a sealed parchment addressed to RICHARD HUNTER, ESQ., EXETER, DEVON. Breaking the seals he found the following words:—"Canterbury, Kent, July 2nd, 1742. Dear Richard, I have discovered that there will be a coach coming along the Canterbury Road in five or six days' time, and I will need your assistance, as there may be a good deal of plunder. Your sincere brother, George Hunter."

At that moment a loud tapping at the door was heard, and Richard Hunter, after stuffing the parchment into his pocket, and shoving the two pistols under his pillow, unlocked the door and showed in the inn-keeper standing there with a big tray on which was placed his supper. After eating heartily, the highwayman had just finished when the inn-keeper came in and took away his tray. After locking the door again, the highwayman drew a clean piece of parchment from his pocket, also a quill, and wrote the following:—

"Exeter, Devon,
July 5th, 1742.

Dear George:

I will be only too glad to help you. I think I will just about be able to get you in time. Meet me at Adam's Ford, ten miles north of the crossroads.

Your sincere brother,
Richard Hunter."

He sealed it and addressed it to "GEORGE HUNTER, ESQ., CANTERBURY, KENT," and, putting it under his pillow, went to bed.

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I hardly know whether you would like my writing to you; yet I feel strongly disposed so far to presume on the old relation which existed between us as to express my earnest hope that you will not attach too much importance to your disappointment, whatever it may have been, at the recent examination. I believe that I attach quite as much value as is reasonable to university distinctions; but it would be a grievous evil if the good of man's reading for three years were all to depend on the result of a single examination, affected as that result must ever in some degree be by causes independent of a man's intellectual excellence. I am saying nothing but what you know quite well already; still a momentary feeling of disappointment may tempt a man to do himself great injustice, and to think that his efforts have been attended by no proportionate fruit.

I can only say, for one, that as far as the real honor of Rugby is concerned, it is the effort, a hundred times more than the issue of the effort, that is in my judgment a credit to the school; inasmuch as it shows that the men who go from here to the University do their duty there; and that is the real point either on individuals or on societies; and if such a fruit is in any way traceable to the influence of Rugby, then I am proud and thankful to have had such a man as my pupil,

THOMAS ARNOLD.

(Letter to a Student.)

Chapter Two

Now it happened that another traveller, by name Mr. Peter Smith, was eating his meal in the room above the door, when Richard Hunter had come, and had chanced to hear all that had passed between him and the inn-keeper. He was about to leave that evening, but being of an inquisitive nature, told the inn-keeper he would stay till the next day, and so found out all about the highway robbery to take place on the Canterbury Road, and determined to warn the Bow Street Runners. When he arrived two days later and told his story to the chief of the Bow Street Runners, that worthy was mightily surprised, and with a great laugh said "You have rounded up two of the worst highwaymen in England, the Hunter brothers!"

Early next morning a servant woke Mr. George Hunter from his sleep in his bed at Canterbury, with a letter from his brother. When left to himself, Mr. George opened it and found that it contained the following words:—

Exeter, Devon."

July 5th, 1742.

Dear George:

I will be only too glad to help you. I think I will just about be able to get to you in time. Meet me by the crossroads.

Your sincere brother,

Richard Hunter."

Mr. George Hunter grunted, folded up the paper and went back to sleep.

While this was going on, his brother had passed Brighton and his horse was galloping fast, while in a bed in London, Mr. Peter Smith was sleeping soundly. He had told the Runners to send a false letter to George Hunter, and they had also captured the letter that Mr. Richard had sent, and had found out he was to go to Adam's Ford, while he was riding through Sussex, entirely oblivious of this.

Chapter Three

Mr. Richard Hunter set off on his black horse at full gallop to Adam's Ford—where he was to end his career of crime—on the appointed day. At the same time his brother George was ambling along on a fat grey mare towards the crossroads, five miles away from Richard. The latter was going along on his horse, when suddenly a Bow Street Runner came into sight. Richard, thinking he could drop him easily, put up his pistol, when BANG! BANG! BANG! went three shots from out of the bushes. Two missed, but the third hit Mr. Richard Hunter, and with a loud cry he toppled off his horse, dead.

Meanwhile, ten minutes later, his brother turned a corner a few yards from the crossroads, but instead of Richard, he saw TEN BOW STREET RUNNERS! All armed, they surrounded him, his hand went to his belt, but at the same time the Runner chief's pistol went up, and there was a look in his eyes that made Mr. George Hunter shiver. He made a grab at his pistol, and BANG! BANG! Mr. George Hunter had joined his ill-fated brother. Mr. Peter Smith had done his work. He had destroyed two of the worst highwaymen in England, and prevented a highway robbery.

TAYLOR I VS. OGILVIE

The School had gathered together for the great fight. Two champions were to meet with the odds even. Taylor had the advantage in reach, but Ogilvie was expected to give him an excellent fight on account of his lightning footwork, and his sturdy body was expected to stand Taylor's hefty wallops and neckholds.

The champions enter, Taylor with yellow band to show he wasn't yellow. Ogilvie with a green one to show he was not green. Ogilvie's seconds, Cothran and King, stage a preliminary, over who is to wave the towel. Taylor was represented by Jim Johnston, famous ex-champion, and Tusk Balfour, another well-known beefeater. "Bev." Shehyn, world-renowned referee, whistled for silence.

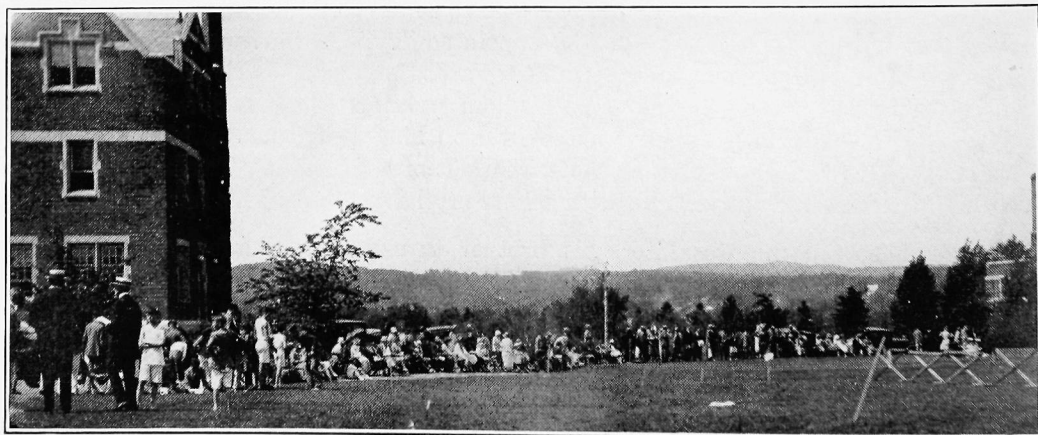
First round—Taylor started leading but was forced to stoop low to hit his opponent. Ogilvie finds it difficult to hit Taylor above the waist. Taylor socked Ogilvie on the chin for a count of six; Ogilvie made a smart comeback, and had Taylor in trouble. Round over—more trouble in Ogilvie's corner. Taylor apparently enjoying "Old Boys" water.

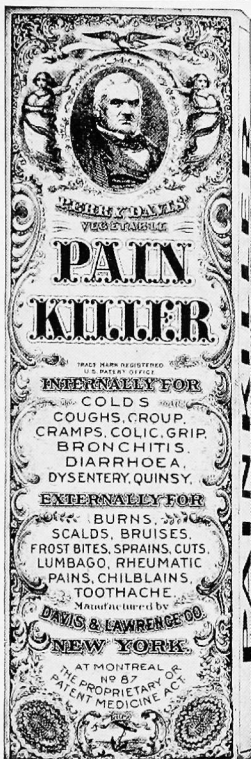
Second round—They clash and Ogilvie takes a smart advantage by climbing up Taylor in a clinch to hit him on the jaw. Ogilvie, when hit by Taylor, fell into his sawdust box. Bout delayed until he is dug out. Taylor hit Ogilvie frequently, but the latter came back with some hefty jaw-breakers which tickled Dickie. Round over. Edsie resigns, after dumping water-pail on Frank Jr., Tuck cracked a wise one to Taylor's delight.

Third and last round. They warm up and the bout is very fast. Both were tiring and Ogilvie appeared groggy after a couple of Taylor's hay-makers. Taylor was worried by Ogilvie's continued body punches. The pace is now fast and furious. Ogilvie rushes in and lands on Taylor's jaw with a smart left. Round over.

After much consultation and argument, Taylor is awarded the bout. The gladiators receive a great ovation as they are helped from the ring.

C. R.





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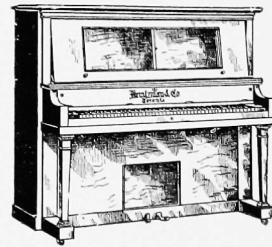


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